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PART XX.

FOUR YEARS' EXPERIENCE OF THE CATHOLIC RELIGION :

WITH OBSERVATIONS ON ITS EFFECTS UPON THE CHARACTER, INTELLECTUAL, MORAL,
AND SPIRITUAL.

BY A LATE MEMBER OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

[Continued from p. 171.]

HAVING already stated what I have found to be the influence of a submission to the Catholic Church upon a man's freedom and independence of judgment on all matters not of faith, I now proceed to give an account of the effect it exercises upon the general faculties of the mind, not simply as *leaving them* to the unhindered development of their native strength, but as exerting upon them a positive strengthening and elevating power; as serving, in a word, to confer a true intellectual discipline upon the mind. And in saying this, I must again beg the Protestant reader to observe, that in asserting that Catholicism leaves the judgment perfectly free *in all matters not of faith*, I am as far as possible from admitting that it enforces the shadow of intellectual servitude even in those things which *are* of faith; that is, which are defined and laid down for belief by the Church herself. I most strenuously deny that the faintest degree of irrational domination is exerted upon me by the Church, even though her command that I should believe *all* that she proposes to my faith is absolute, and brooks not a moment's hesitation. It is rigidly in conformity with the laws of pure reason that I should place an implicit reliance upon the declarations of an authority which I am convinced is a far more competent judge of religious truth than I can possibly be, and which, I am persuaded on sure grounds, is guided by a divine influence which supersedes the private deductions of my personal, unaided, reasoning powers. It is not slavery to believe the word of a competent witness; rather it is worse than folly to doubt it. It is not slavery for a labouring man who knows nothing of mathematics, to rest in undoubting certainty in the conviction that the earth goes round the sun, though to his personal judgment the sun seems to go round the earth, because philosophers tell him that he is misled by appearances. It was not slavery in the Jews and Gentiles when they believed the words our blessed Lord spoke to them, be-

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cause they saw the miracles he wrought. And in like manner, I am not a slave because I entertain no doubts of the truth of Catholic doctrines, when I see that the common laws of reasoning compel me to regard the Catholic Church as infallible. I cannot *help* believing what she tells me, just as I cannot *help* believing that the three angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles. Will any man who wishes to escape the imputation of craziness tell me that he should *like* to be allowed to believe that two and two do not make four, or that the earth is square, and not spherical? Does he feel uncomfortable when he studies the demonstrations in *Euclid's Elements*, and wish to be *permitted* to deny their cogency? What would he say if some ignorant simpleton rose to express profound pity for his enslaved condition, and ask him why he did not exercise the inalienable *rights* of reason, and set up a new algebra or a new astronomy for his own private use and delectation?

And such, I can seriously assure the Protestant reader, is the feeling of intelligent and well-educated Catholics respecting the obligation under which they lie to accept all that their Church teaches. They do *not* wish to believe otherwise than they are taught, any more than they wish to believe that New York is situated in China. If we were to meet any person who claimed such a liberty in his geographical faith, we should all agree in thinking that he verged upon the insane. And just such is our judgment of the well-informed separatist from our Church. We pity him quite as much (at the least) as he pities us. We do not wonder at a Heathen, or a Protestant who knows nothing of the question, remaining out of the Catholic Church; but that any man who cares for truth, honesty, and the laws of reason, should study the case between Rome and her opponents, and finally embrace the belief that any form of Protestantism is true, appears in our eyes a violation of the elementary rules of logic and common sense, very nearly as mon-

strous as a denial of the law of gravity, or of the commonest facts of universal history. I do most confidently assert, that could the philosophical heretic discern the indescribable pity with which we regard *his* state of mind, and the contempt with which we treat the quibbles of his sophistry, he would be more puzzled to reconcile it with his theories of the intellectual bondage of Catholicism, than he had ever been in investigating the subtleties of the cloudiest of metaphysicians, Hindoo or Greek, Scottish or German.

Let me here also call attention to the claim which the Catholic makes to the possession of a special faculty for the discernment of and belief in religious truth, in addition to those general preliminary proofs of the truth of the Catholic religion which address themselves to those who are without the Church, as well as to those who are within. Whether or no this claim be well-founded, I am not now discussing; still, in examining into the intellectual influences of Catholicism, it must not be forgotten that we *do* assert that we possess this power. Every Catholic divine will lay it down as an elementary truth of practical and doctrinal religion, and every convert from Protestantism will allege that the doctrine is confirmed by his own private experience, that the individual Catholic has a *personal* certainty of the truth and reality of the objects of his faith, which goes further than the mere external logical proof of the truth of Christianity as a religion from God, and of Catholicism as identical with Christianity. To the observer from without, this singular faculty will appear what is popularly called mysticism; he will say that it is simply a delusion; that we have no tangible proof that we are not the sport of the fantasies of our imagination, and that the pure intellect has no healthy work in producing the convictions I speak of. And that it will so appear to him so long as he is himself deprived of this faculty, I do not deny. A blind man cannot conceive *colour*, though he may *feel* by his touch the physical difference between one hue and another. We are all of us lost in amazement when we try to comprehend *what* is the faculty by which a dog, when shut up in a dark hamper, and carried two hundred miles away from his home inside a carriage, is no sooner set free than he returns direct to his former abode, though he has never before been at the place to which he was taken. In like manner the Protestant has not any conception of the nature of that mysterious gift which the Catholic Church terms the gift of faith, by means of which her children are brought into a certain contact (so to say) with the invisible world, and which makes them more sure of the truth of the doctrines of their religion than can be imagined possible for any cultivated mind, by those who are themselves not in possession of this supernatural power.

Still, whatever may be thought of us, it is a

fact that we are unconscious of that bondage under which we are popularly imagined to groan and writhe. So far from yielding an unwilling homage to authority *against* the suggestions of our better judgment, we look upon ourselves as the only thoroughly sane persons in existence. We regard mankind in general, and our Protestant friends and fellow-countrymen in particular, as in some respects out of their senses. We have no more respect for their views than for the delusions of a madman who fancies himself a sovereign prince, and his cell in Bedlam a royal palace. We respect their motives, their intentions, their feelings, their goodness and amiableness; but as for their religious belief, and what they call their arguments and proofs, we only grieve that poor human nature can labour under such an infatuation as to count such perversions of common sense worthy the very name of reasoning.

To all that I have alleged in favour of the healthy and invigorating influence of Catholicism upon the mind, it will be objected, that were the case as I have stated it, the Catholic body in this country would hold a position among their fellow-countrymen far higher than they now possess, and would be distinguished for their literary attainments to an extent which it would be absurd to claim for them in their present state. I say nothing of the vulgar objection that in other countries and other ages Catholicism has crushed rather than aided the development of the faculties, because I am speaking only of what has fallen more immediately under my own observation. The objection itself will not, in truth, bear a moment's examination, and our posterity will come to class it with the rest of the herd of John Bull's self-complacent delusions, and admit that it is no more true that Catholicism depresses the intellect than that it teaches Frenchmen to eat frogs, while Protestantism teaches Englishmen to feast on beef. I confine myself to the state of English Catholicism alone, and have no hesitation in asserting that the exact state of English Catholic education and English Catholic literature furnishes no test whatsoever of the intelligence and abilities of the English Catholic mind. I have anxiously and carefully compared the average range and power of the Protestant intellect with the Catholic, and I have possessed very extensive means for instituting the comparison; and I do not hesitate to declare, not only that the young Catholic's mind is at least as able, as imaginative, as keen, as animated, and as courageous, as that of the young Protestant, but that the influence of our hitherto defective education has had far *less* depressing results upon our mental condition than could have been possible under any form of Protestantism whatsoever. The faults of our education have not been *our* fault; they have been the inevitable result of circumstances over which we have had no control; they are rapidly passing away, and a progress towards

a thoroughly satisfactory state of things is going forward with all possible speed.

There can be little doubt, indeed, that a person who had judged of the state of the English Catholic intellect by the actual books it has produced, and is now producing, or by the estimation in which it is held by the Protestant world, would be taken completely by surprise, if he was thrown for some length of time among any fair average specimens of Catholics themselves. Let him, for example, contrast the cleverness, the quickness, and the energy of a number of boys from Eton and Winchester with an equal number from one of the best of the Catholic schools, or of a number of young men from Oxford and Cambridge with their fellows in age in Catholic seminaries, and he would confess, without a moment's hesitation, that so far from seeing any sign of intellectual deterioration in the youthful Catholic intelligence, there was a vigour, an activity, a healthy life of imagination, and an openness to receive impressions of the purest and noblest character, which he had not been in the least prepared to find among them.

If it be asked, how it is that when the means of secular training were to so great an extent torn from the Catholic body by the persecution of the law, there yet remained to them any such powerful instrument for preventing the entire stagnation of the natural faculties; I reply, that, taken as a mere means for cultivating the intellect, the Catholic religion stands pre-eminent among all branches of human knowledge. Bind and fetter the Catholic as you may; tread him under foot; trample upon him; rob him of every earthly good; drive him from all intelligent society; burn his books; shut up his schools; denounce him as a slave, till you have done your utmost to make him one; still, so long as he retains his religion, he has that within him which feeds the intellectual flame, and suffers it never to be wholly extinguished, and preserves in every faculty of his soul a marvellous *elasticity*, which will make it spring forth into life and action the moment that the repressing power is withdrawn, and he enters the lists with his fellow-countrymen a free and unpersecuted man. It is very true that English Catholicism can as yet boast of but few names which are eminent in any path of intellectual culture; but then, how extremely small is that class of Catholics from which men of intellectual eminence generally proceed. Those who judge us by our *numbers*, judge us most falsely, because we are almost all poor, almost all approaching to paupers. That immense professional and middle class which supplies almost the whole of the literary, philosophical, and scientific writers and thinkers of the age, not to mention its political celebrities, scarcely exists amongst us. Considering the paucity of our numbers, the wonder is that we have so many great names to shew,

and not that we have done no more. Most people, too, have little idea how many of those whom they extol with unbounded praise in the walks of science and art are Catholics. I will not allude to individuals by name, but I cannot but repeat the assertion, that as historians, antiquarians, artists, and men of science, the English Catholics have done far *more* than could be expected of them, considering their numbers, and the overwhelming difficulties under which they have laboured. And I entertain a strong conviction that before another generation has passed away, it will be found that Catholicism in England has grappled with the awful difficulties of the time, and has succeeded in ruling and guiding the intelligence of this day of trial and trouble, to an extent which must seem visionary and impossible to those who know not the astonishing *strength* that is hidden in her faith and morality.

The source of this intellectual discipline is to be found in the nature of those subjects of thought to which the Catholic religion directs the minds of its followers. While every division of Protestantism is of so vague, inconsistent, varying, and depressing a character, that minds of a high order, and free energetic spirits, find pleasure and training for their powers only in criticising its statements, destroying its foundations, and detecting its absurdities, Catholicism calls forth the energies of the mind by a directly opposite process. It is by the contemplation of the perfections of Catholicism, by repeated examinations into the strength of its basis, by the study of its wondrous scientific completeness, that the Catholic intelligence is disciplined. The Protestant exults in the destruction of the follies which he sees to have enthralled his Protestant brethren of less keen penetration than himself. The more he searches into his own belief, the more inconsistencies he discovers, the more is he startled at the intellectual imposture to which mankind have been giving credence. Protestant theological science consists in a systematising of unbelief, in the gradual erection and completion of a system of philosophy which, while it assumes the name of Christianity, is virtually a denial of every thing positive and distinctive in Christianity as a revelation, and is nothing more than Deism, Pantheism, or Atheism, under a new designation.

With us, the very reverse is the fact. Every fresh addition to the philosophy, the poetry, the moral or dogmatic science of the Church, is an addition to the strength and durability of her entire system. We destroy nothing. We develope, we add, we expound, we illustrate, we enforce, we adapt, but we never take away or deny what was once held. And thus it is that the employment of the faculties of the mind in the contemplation of the theology and practices of Catholicism, even when every other means of education is rent away, is sufficient to communicate a certain measure of intellec-

tual vigour and keenness. The mind is perpetually directed to the examination of a vast, far-stretching body of truths, relating to the profoundest possible subjects of thought, arranged, defined, analysed, and connected by the labours of centuries and centuries; expounded in books in every language, embodied in devotions of every kind, illustrated by innumerable ceremonies and customs, and accompanied with the practice of a system of morals, in comparison of whose scientific completeness it is not too much to say, that the ordinary moral and physical sciences of secular life are but as the guess-work of a speculator or the crotchets of an empiric. Under the influence of this extraordinary system, the pure reasoning powers, the imagination, the taste, with the whole of our moral being, romantic, self-sacrificing, shrewd, and practical, undergoes a degree of *drilling*, so to say, which I believe to be utterly incomprehensible to those who judge of the effect of theological science upon the intellect by the results which they see produced by the positive creeds of Protestantism, such as they are.

Such, then, are, on the whole, the results of my personal experience of the intellectual effect of a submission to the Church, and of the observations I have been able to make on the subject. I shall next request the reader's attention to its *moral* influence, leaving the influence of its peculiar theological doctrines and its supernatural claims to another opportunity.

What is the popular English belief with regard to Catholic morality need not be described at any length. It is clear enough that we are thought to be—to use the word in its scientific sense—*monsters*. We are esteemed a sort of *lusus nature*, a combination of the great and the vile, of the rigid and the licentious, of the benevolent and the cruel, such as is nowhere else to be found in the entire range of humanity. Almost every body is more or less *afraid* of a Catholic. A kind of power of fascination is attributed to us, such as is possessed by some of the snake species. Men of shrewd sense, calm and not easily led away by their fears, seldom feel thoroughly safe in dealing with Catholics. They fancy that our movements cannot be calculated upon like those of other men; that we alternately bind ourselves as slaves, and take the most inconceivable of liberties; that at one moment we aim at living like angels, and at another are content to become as devils. The one thing above all others which is attributed to us is an unconquerable and impenetrable secrecy in all our dealings, which is supposed to be carried to the highest extent by the Catholic clergy in their dealings with the laity and with Protestants of all descriptions. This is, on the whole, the popular belief among candid Englishmen; while there is a multitude of persons, who, for want of a better term, may be styled the fanatics of Protestantism, who simply regard us as incarnate

demons, the victims of deadly delusion, the blinded instruments of an atrocious scheme of deception, devised and carried on by a profligate priesthood and hierarchy. As these last, however, will probably not read a word of what I have to say, or if they do read it, will suppose that I am writing under the dictation of some crafty priest, monk, or Jesuit, it is needless to shew that their ideas of Catholicism are the mere ravings of folly, and that it is literally impossible that the Catholic religion could exist and spread as it does among respectable and intelligent men and women of all countries, ages, ranks, and inclinations, were it in the slightest degree such as they suppose it to be. I address myself solely to those persons of common sense and charitable intentions, who knowing Catholicism only from the representations of vehement anti-Catholic writers, are yet staggered in the belief in which they have been brought up by undeniable facts of a diametrically contradictory character, and who would fain know whether or not Catholics *are* that strange compound of good and evil which the candid philosophical observer accounts them. I shall perhaps best communicate that clear knowledge of the facts of the case which I desire to furnish, by taking in detail some few of those points of Catholic practice which are believed to be most injurious to pure morality, and of those views which we are believed to hold in violation of the simplicity of Gospel strictness.

First, then, with respect to the personal character of our clergy, and of the members of religious orders. It is undeniable that Protestants, even the most charitable, are extremely suspicious of the moral character of a large body of men, like our clergy; and of cloistered institutions, like our monasteries and convents, where hundreds and hundreds of men and women are subjected to what is supposed a most unnatural restraint, at the same time that they are withdrawn from the sight of the world, and enabled to perpetrate all sorts of wickednesses unchecked by the voice of public opinion. I suppose that there is perhaps not a Protestant in England who does not in his heart believe that the clergy of the Established Church, if not the body of dissenting ministers, are a more moral, more pious, and more modestly retiring class of men than the eight hundred popish priests of Great Britain, to say nothing of the monks and Jesuits. They feel convinced that though many of our clergy may be men of irreproachable lives, and devoted to the welfare of their flocks, yet, that if they could see behind the scenes, they would discover many a shocking exception, even if it did not turn out that the immoral Catholic clergy were *more* numerous than the correct and self-denying.

What, then, has been the result of my personal knowledge of the moral condition of our clergy? I most solemnly assure my readers

that I have only heard of one solitary instance of immorality among them, while that one was of a far less heinous character than would be at all supposed. The priest in question was given to drinking a little too much, and is now, I believe, thoroughly reformed. Persons may start at this statement, and think it a glaring falsehood, or an impossibility; but nevertheless, I assert that it is true. I have never even heard of, much less known, more than this one instance of clerical misconduct among the English priesthood. Of course, there *may* be others; perhaps there are; I can only speak as far as my experience goes; but unquestionably so far as it does go, and that is to a very considerable extent, the fact is as I have alleged. Nor, again, am I saying any thing of other faults of a different species from those which are popularly described by the word *immorality*, when applied to an individual; I do not say that every one of the Catholic clergy is an immaculate saint, who never by word or deed transgresses the most minute precept of the moral law of God. All have their infirmities, because all are still in the flesh, still encompassed with trials, and often harassed and proved beyond the ordinary lot of men. I am speaking at present of that general correctness and irreproachableness of life which we *have* a right to expect from every member of the priesthood, and in which the Protestant world supposes that they fall so grievously short of their duty.

Compare this fact, then, with the condition of the Anglican clergy, and mark to which class the palm of purity of life is to be assigned. Let any man who has had the means of knowing them, as I have known both them and the Catholic clergy, call to mind the results of his experience, and ask himself whether the contrast is not most favourable to the Catholic religion. There is not a person who is familiar with the discipline of the Established Church, and with the ecclesiastical and criminal courts of this country, who could not, with five minutes' reflection, count up a score or so of cases which have come under his own personal knowledge, in which, from deans down to curates, the moral law has been flagrantly violated by crimes, varying from such as it is forbidden for pen to describe to that swindling and perjury which is barely esteemed immoral in the lax judgment of common men. Let any person recall the circumstances which have come under his cognisance during the last ten or fifteen years, and he will be constrained to admit, that if there is any class of ecclesiastics who practically answer to those pictures of scandalous vice which he has been brought up to believe to apply to the Catholic clergy, that class are the clergy of the Church of England. I am not asserting, be it remembered, that all the Established clergy are immoral, or that a majority of them are immoral; but I do say that the proportion of the scandalous to the decent

livers in the Establishment is far, far greater than in any portion of the Catholic Church in which I have ever had an opportunity of ascertaining the true state of affairs. The case is also just the same in the religious orders. The monks are almost invariably men of irreproachable correctness of conduct; while as to the convents of women, I am morally convinced that there is no such a being as a nun of questionable character in the entire kingdom.

I will, however, go much farther than this, and profess my sincere conviction that an immense majority of the Catholic priesthood and members of monastic orders are not only persons of correct life, but thoroughly *religious* persons, whose hearts are sincerely given to the service of God, and who love Him with that true affection which He will recompense with eternal life in heaven. As I have already said, they vary considerably in degrees of sanctity, from that of the most exalted piety downwards; but nevertheless it is impossible to know them personally and intimately, to see them in their hours of relaxation as well as to meet them in the confessional, to hear them in the pulpit, or to see them by the bedside of the sick;—it is impossible to learn their weaknesses and their trials, as well as their powers and their successes, without being impressed with a moral certainty that in the last great day there will be few of the English Catholic clergy to whom their Master will not say, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." I am the last person in the world to entertain a superstitious respect for any person, or to close my eyes to what I might see or ought to see; but I cannot help recording my experience, and saying, that as far as I can remember, I never yet met with a priest who did not appear to me to have a *conscience*, to be alive to the paramount claims of Almighty God to the undissembled homage of his heart, or who shamefully neglected the ordinary duties of his sacred calling. Nor do I wish to speak unnecessarily harshly of the Protestant clergy, with very many of whom I have lived on terms of affectionate intimacy, and for some of whom I still entertain a sincere respect and hearty regard; but when I come to compare their apparent *religiousness*, as a body, with that of the Catholic priesthood, I see that while the latter are (as far as I know) habitually influenced by the fear and love of God, the former are *generally* mere decent men of the world, who make a compromise between its service, and a devotion to its comforts, and the claims of religion to their whole hearts. When I have had to do with Protestant clergymen, or conversed with them on any practical or spiritual subject, it was only in exceptional cases that I found I could reckon upon their being influenced by a religious motive, worldly prudence and ecclesiastical party spirit being the ruling guides of the majority; while the Catholic priest is ever accessible

to reasons or ideas founded upon the will of God and the general happiness of his fellow-creatures.

As to the popular idea of Romish *priestcraft*, it is simply a fiction. That assumption of something like personal infallibility which is so intolerably offensive in very many of the Anglican clergy, is really scarcely known among Catholic priests. It is a rare thing to hear a priest claim any more deference to his personal views or expositions of doctrine than ought reasonably to be conceded to those who have made religious questions their especial study. Protestants may rest assured that the notion that the clergy have any right to domineer over the consciences of the laity, that a priest always claims to decide every question *ex cathedra*, that the laity as generally stand in slavish fear of the opinions, the censures, or the denunciations of the clergy, is a pure creation of the imagination, contradicted by the facts of every mission in England, and radically opposed to the great Catholic doctrine that the *Church* is infallible, and not the individual members of the priesthood.

In like manner, what is termed the *Don* is a rarity in the Catholic Church; so much so, indeed, that I despair of making many of my Catholic readers understand the sort of creature whom Protestants designate by the term. I do not say that such beings never exist among us; but I do say that they are to be found in a far less proportion to the numbers of our clergy, than in the Established Church. Empty-headed assumption; an oracular manner of giving vent to commonplaces; a practising upon the simplicity or ignorance of inferiors in rank or intelligence; a deliberate repetition of canting, high-sounding phrases, which serve only to deceive the unenlightened and to amuse the keensighted; a sham, pompous, artificially dignified manner;—these are not the ordinary faults of the Catholic clergy, as they are but too common among that body which is the loudest in its declamations against Romish tyranny and priestly craft, and which regards a Catholic priest as a sort of respectable monster, a compound of deceitfulness, cunning, cleverness, zeal, and despotism. In fact, our clergy sometimes carry the openness of their character and manner to an extreme. They are really at times too open, too honest in what they say, too little studious of appearances, too ready to give other people credit for good intentions, and to expect a charitable interpretation of their words and conduct from a censorious world. Nobody that knows them can possibly pretend that they are apt to put on an exterior which belies their real nature; that they hide themselves from the eyes of the world and of their flocks by the assumption of an unnatural, stiff, pompous manner, or by affecting to be better than they are in reality. If they err at all in the matter, it is with that most amiable and pardonable error which no Christian man

can find it in his heart severely to condemn, the error of thinking too well of mankind in general, and of their friends and acquaintances in particular.

Here, too, I should introduce that one feature in the intercourse between the priesthood and the laity which is viewed with especial dread and suspicion by the Protestant, the discipline of the confessional. Amid the vast varieties of opinion which the separatist world entertains respecting this momentous subject, it is undeniable that *all* Protestants regard confession as a terrible engine in the hands of the clergy for exercising an undue power over men's souls. One, a zealous Protestant, views the whole practice with undissembled horror; one, a timid old lady, or a country parson, devoutly believes that by means of confession the priests instil every species of abomination into the minds of their flocks, especially into the young; a third, a philosophical politician, or an intensely candid Anglican, admits that great good may often result from confession, but is confident that great spiritual tyranny also is its very frequent result; a fourth, an ultra-Romanising Puseyite, or an anxious, trembling, devout person who longs for *some* practical guidance, is convinced that the system is full of benefit to those who judiciously employ it, but is possessed with an undefinable dread of its mysterious powers, and cannot believe that it is not frequently most terribly abused. All agree in thinking that the abuse of the confessional is any thing but rare.

To this I have again to reply, that if there is any fault to be found with the Catholic clergy, it is directly on the opposite side from that in which they are supposed to sin. If they err in directing the consciences of their flocks, it is in exercising too little authority over them, rather than in exercising too much. Unquestionably there is a very considerable variety in their claims to be considered as good spiritual directors; but it is equally undeniable that if any are ever to be found fault with, it is in being too considerate, too forbearing, too cautious of interfering with our personal wishes and free judgment. I can most solemnly say, that I never heard of such a thing as a priest making mischief in a household, coming between its various members and setting them against each other, or practising upon the simplicity and obedient spirit of his penitents for his own benefit, or for the benefit of his order. I have often heard complaints made, both by born Catholics and converts, that confessors left them too much to themselves; and I have occasionally, though rarely, heard of a priest asking questions which shewed that he wanted a power of discriminating character, or that his ideas of his office were narrow and unattractive; but never have I known or heard of an instance in which the confessional was employed as an instrument of tyranny; as a vehicle for instilling a knowledge of sins, hitherto unknown, to the

innocent mind; or as a source of misery and discomfort to a household.

My Protestant readers may smile, but I must assure them that the laity are a far greater plague to the clergy in the confessional than the clergy to the laity. If at the time of confession one of the two parties concerned is a master and the other a slave, it is certainly the priest who is the slave and the penitent who is the master. Again and again have I been astonished at the patience, the forbearance, the endurance, with which a Catholic priest will listen for hours after hours, in the hot, stifling, poisonous atmosphere of a crowded chapel, to recitals which try human calmness to the uttermost, so confused, so needless, so difficult to comprehend and elucidate, that one wonders how the priest's brains can stand the wear and tear, and he can come forth as unruffled in spirit as he is exhausted in body. The confessional, indeed, *is* in some cases an infliction; but it is an infliction of which by far the largest portion falls to the clergy and not to the laity. Its trials are perhaps as great as its blessings, and these latter are great and wonderful, but the trials and the blessings are not equally shared between priest and penitent. The former, abundant as are the consolations which he receives as well as bestows, has far more than his share of the pains with which the guidance of immortal souls is of necessity ever accompanied. However, of the general influence of the practice of confession, as a portion of Catholic discipline, I shall say more hereafter. Now I pass on to the observations I have been able to make on the results of the monastic system on those who are subjected to its restraints.

And here again I find it difficult to realise to myself the exact nature of the feelings which I know that the Protestant world entertains towards monks and nuns of every kind. So completely is the Catholic Church a new world to those who enter her pale, that, after a very short time, it becomes almost impossible to enter into the minds of those who are still without her fold, or to recall what we ourselves once thought and felt in common with the rest of our Protestant fellow-countrymen. So singularly unlike is it to *be* a Catholic to what it is imagined from without, and so marvellously does the whole system of Catholic faith and practice enter into one's whole life and absorb one's very nature itself, moulding one's every idea, sentiment, and liking after that very model which prevails throughout the whole of Catholic Christendom, that, before a few months have passed away, the convert has forgotten that he ever was different from what he has now become, and can hardly convince himself of the fact that he once entertained opinions respecting the Church and her children which now he laughs at as the most childish of absurdities. We seem as if the first part of our lives had been one long dream, and as if our

eyes had been opened to realities for the first time on the day when we were reconciled to the Church. We wonder how we could ever be so deluded as to fancy those visions of brightness, truth, and love which formerly we worshipped to be any thing more than the phantasms of our own imagination. Having now the free exercise of our faculties, we can scarcely persuade ourselves that there was a time when we lived year after year in the same country with the children of the true Church, with her temples open all around us, with her clergy ready to converse with any who came to them, with books in abundance to tell of her doctrines and system, with monasteries and convents scattered about the country, ready to shew hospitality to the most vehement of opponents, and yet could pass our lives in an abject servility to the vulgarest of prejudices and the most irrational of theories, without troubling ourselves to ascertain, by the employment of our common sense, whether facts were such as we had been taught to believe.

Hence I find it difficult to meet the popular feelings about monks and nuns with any fully intelligible and satisfactory answer, because I now can scarcely realise those feelings, or suppose that my sensible and well-disposed fellow-countrymen can be so preposterously absurd in their prejudices as I nevertheless *know* them to be, because I was once as absurd myself. I am confident that they will not trust what I tell them, or believe that, whatever be the true character of the inmates of the cloister, it is such as I assert it to be. So deeply are they possessed with what they imagine *must* be the result of the peculiarities of the monastic life, that they will hardly fail to receive my statement as a romance, as a tale conjured up by my own excited imagination, and contradicted by what facts would appear to be, if *they* could only see into them.

Yet the truth must be told as it is, and, while the world thinks with alternate horror, indignation, contempt, and pity upon the inhabitants of the cloister, I must repeat my conviction that they are the *happiest* people upon earth. As a Catholic, I of course consider that, taken as a body, the members of the religious orders are the most *holy* of all Christians; for great as are the miracles of sanctity which Almighty God accomplishes in the secular clergy of the Church, and even in the privacy of domestic life in every rank and grade of society, still it will scarcely be questioned by any Catholic that the highest degrees of holiness and love are so often accompanied with a vocation to the monastic life, that, as by a kind of natural law, a considerable proportion of the *saints* of Christianity will be found dwelling in the cloister as contemplatives, or occupied as members of some active order in ministering to the poor and sick, or teaching the ignorant. It is therefore a mere statement of common Catholic belief, to say that monas-

teries and convents, whatever may be the occasional exceptions to the rule, abound with men and women of fervent piety and devoted love to their fellow-creatures. That which the world will be least prepared to hear, is the testimony of an observer to the remarkable and uniform cheerfulness and happiness which fills the breasts of persons cut off from all the ordinary sources of human pleasure and enjoyment, and subjected sometimes to the severest bodily austerities, and always to the discipline of a military obedience.

I can, indeed, scarcely conceive a greater contrast than exists between the interior of many a convent and the strange gloomy conceptions which Protestants in the world entertain respecting it. The rough black, white, or brown habit in which the monk's or nun's figure is generally wrapped; the uncouth substitution of these ungainly garments (as they are thought) for all that makes the female form and countenance so charming in the eyes of man, and of woman also; the unvarying monotony of a life, which, for twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty long years, is passed within the walls of one single house, and the enclosure of one small garden; the thought that every moment of every hour in every day in all those revolving years is subjected to the rigid regulations of a written rule, and the direction of a superior who is but an erring, fallible mortal; that father, mother, brother, sister, come to see the nun but as visitors—as half-friends, half-strangers—as her kindred, and yet as having no claims or rights over her; and that a most solemn vow has bound her irrevocably to this voluntary death, until the last hour of mortality arrives, and she passes into eternity, untended by one hand that owns the relationship of blood or marriage;—all this impresses the popular mind with a mournful and angry feeling, and makes it think of these victims of a superstitious creed as the most miserable and unfortunate of earth's inhabitants. Yet I can most conscientiously say, that convents and monasteries are, without a solitary exception, the happiest and most cheerful places in the world. As in every thing else, there are differences between one religious house and another, not only in their strictness and spiritual fervour, but in the general *tone* of mind which pervades the community. Some are more grave and silent, others more lively and given to conversation. In some the labours of mercy for the poor are so exhausting, that they leave hardly spirit and strength for much vivacity or merriment. In others, severe austerities are borne with a redoubled energy of patience, through the perpetual buoyancy of spirit which a daily recurring recreation of the most animated species confers. Yet the rule will be found to hold good universally, that the cloister is a more cheerful place than the world without. Its inmates have a sunshine in their hearts, which, strange and inconceivable as it

must appear to those who know Catholicism only by false report, is both the result of the peculiarities of the conventual life, and its never-failing support and consolation.

Nor let it be supposed that, because the monastic spirit severs in twain those ties of affection which hold society together, and are the sweetest charm which this world has retained since Paradise was lost, therefore the hearts of monks and nuns are cold and hard, unfeeling towards one another, and destitute of affectionate sympathy towards those who are still occupied in secular affairs. Nothing could be more false than such a supposition. Every Catholic who has had much intercourse with them, whether in England or abroad, unites in bearing testimony to the fact, that not only are they among the most agreeable, hospitable, intelligent, and often most polished persons to be met with, but that their kind-heartedness, practical benevolence, and readiness to love all, is one of their most striking features. An undeniable proof of the bright, happy, attractive spirit which pervades the cloister is to be found in the circumstance, that wherever they keep a school, of any description, they win the affections of the young with an irresistible power, and attach to themselves throughout after-life almost all who have ever been under their care.

Still further, it is a remarkable illustration of the gentle and cordially sincere character of the inmates of religious houses, that a large proportion of many of them is made up of persons who were originally brought up in their schools, and who have either chosen never to leave them, or, when circumstances have permitted it in their after-career, have returned at once, as a bird to its nest, to that home of peace and happiness which in their childhood they felt to be truly a refuge in the midst of the sorrows and sins of this time of trial. Incomprehensible as is the enigma which the monastic state presents to the speculative and liberal-minded Protestant, who judges of its nature by the feelings he perceives working in his own mind, and by the principles and habits of common secular life, those who know it by personal experience, at the season when the heart is least likely to be led away by theories, and is still unsaddened by the bitter experience of after-years, furnish the most signal attestation of its delights, by constantly flying to it and embracing it as their portion, at that very age when pleasure is most intoxicating and the future seems most brilliant, and care and anguish have not imprinted one single furrow upon the brow. We know how singularly different is the feeling produced in Protestant schools, and even in some Catholic seminaries, towards those who are the instructors and managers of the young. So far from finding that seven or eight years passed at a great school, whether of boys or girls, induce the pupils in after-days to long

for a return to the society of those who taught and governed them, and for a share for life in all their daily occupations, the very reverse is the almost universal consequence. Men and women never become schoolmasters or ushers, schoolmistresses or governesses, by *choice*. One laughs at the very idea. Yet in the Catholic Church it is a fact, that if we want our boys to become Benedictines or Jesuits, and our girls to bury themselves in the cloister for ever, the best possible means we can take to ensure the fulfilment of our wishes is to send them to the schools of the religious order which we wish them to embrace, saying nothing at all to them about our wishes, but leaving things to work their natural way upon their youthful hearts. Nothing is, accordingly, more common than for parents to learn from their sons and daughters, just at the time that others are marrying and settling down amid the blandishments of the world, that they are strongly disposed to return to such and such a monastery or convent, and trust they have the permission and approbation of their father and mother. Doubtless the heart of many a freeborn Briton will swell with indignation at hearing that *natural* affections are thus scandalously interfered with, and they will hate the cloister all the more because it is the fatal foe to those worldly prospects which the fond and foolish parental heart cherishes for its children. It is true that people who would consign their daughter with gladness to the arms of a wealthy husband, who lived thousands of miles away in India, or rejoice to purchase a commission in the army for a son, who would thus be practically banished from his home for ever, will exclaim with vehement wrath against the tyrannical cruelty and unnatural wickedness of those who would counsel a youth or a maiden to take the vows of a religious, and so break up the unity and enjoyments of a smiling family; I only state this as a proof that monks and nuns are so happy a class of beings, that they attract, in great numbers, those who at any time come under their charge, and that to the merry, light-hearted boy and girl they approve themselves the most favoured and agreeable class of beings upon earth. Oh, wonderful power of grace and goodness! At this very moment, while almost every individual in the Protestant world of England, who has any opinions at all on the subject, is viewing the life of the Catholic convent as either a life of dark, morose misery and gloom, or of unbridled worldliness and licentiousness,—at this moment there is many and many a young heart within the Church that is rejoicing to put aside the wedding-garb, to quit the scene of gaiety and amusement, to part from all it loves most on earth, and refusing to give its love to any fresh object of mere earthly tenderness, and preparing to pass through those doors which open only to those who enter, and are closed to any who would fain return; and all this not by re-

straint—not because it has tried the world's pleasures to the utmost, and found them wanting—not because it has ceased to love its natural kindred—not because it is miserable—not because it is priest-ridden and superstitious—not because it has no means of support in the world,—but of its free, unbiassed will, after weeks, months, or years of reflection and prayer, simply because the “religious” life has attractions for it such as nothing earthly can offer, because it loves that life, and trusts to serve God more perfectly, and to do more good to its fellow-creatures, by thus withdrawing from the habits and customs of mankind, and devoting itself to Jesus Christ *alone*. Wonderful also it is, and not less true, that at the same time there are many and many parents in this realm who, from the earliest infancy of their offspring, hope and desire for them no other destiny than they should thus flee from life at the very moment when it is most tempting and full of promise; that while the worldly father and mother look forward with joy to the fame, the wealth, the domestic bliss which is to be their child's portion when he grows up to manhood, or depend upon the affectionate care and solicitude of a daughter to soothe the sickness of their old age, these strange and incomprehensible parents should even pray to God to take their child from them, to sever the tie that binds them to nature, and to bind them by an irrevocable vow to a state in which this world is to be to them as though it existed not. Yet such is the fact, and such the deep-seated belief which many a pious Catholic entertains of the blessedness of the conventual life, that the more purely and unselfishly they love their children, the more earnestly do they desire to see them thus safe from the storms which make shipwreck of so many souls.

But we must pass on to two or three of those other points in which Catholic morality is especially misunderstood by those who are not Catholics themselves. Perhaps in no one point is this misconception more complete than in regard to our belief and practice in respect to truth and falsehood. For generations this Protestant country was guilty of the glaring absurdity of imputing to Catholics a disregard of the sanctity of promises and oaths, at the same time that it refused to alter the oaths which kept Catholics out of Parliament. So monstrous are the delusions which men can practise upon themselves, that for centuries Catholics were popularly believed to keep no faith with heretics, and to be habitually guilty of perjury, while no single instance could be found of a Catholic whose conscience would permit him to take the oath which kept him a slave in the midst of a free people. And though the English nation is now beginning to think that all Catholics are not necessarily scoundrels, still we see many signs that people scarcely trust us—that they think us slippery,

deceitful, and crafty beyond other men, and are suspicious of the actual doctrines which our clergy teach respecting the duty of telling the truth.

I can declare, then, that so far as my experience and observation goes, this idea is without a shadow of a foundation in fact. I never met with a Catholic priest or a Catholic layman who was not at the very least as rigid in his observance of the law of truth, both in word and in deed, as the most upright and honourable of Protestants. That a different rule is to be followed in keeping faith with heretics, from that which Catholics follow among one another, is a notion which I have never heard even broached among them, and never mentioned but as an instance of Protestant misunderstanding of Catholic opinions. I have said that, at the very least, Catholics are as honest and truth-telling as Protestants, but I might say a great deal more; I might with strict correctness add, not only that they are much better informed as to what constitutes falsehood than Protestants, from their ignorance of moral science, can possibly be, but that they exercise a rigid watchfulness over themselves in speaking which is unknown to those who do not practise confession as we do. There are a thousand little acts of trickery and deception all but universal in the world, which the Catholic knows to be absolutely forbidden by the moral law, and which he avoids as sins. From the exaggerations and embellishments of mere conversation, up to the innumerable rogueries which are thought nothing of by men of the world, we are taught to mark the line between honesty and deception with an unyielding severity of demarcation, to which the popular laxity of both rich and poor, men and women, is absolutely a stranger. I would counsel any candid inquirer who wishes to ascertain what our morals in this respect really are, to put the question to any respectable Catholic man in business, to a solicitor, a merchant, or a common tradesman, who at all bears the character of being a good Catholic, who attends to his religious duties, and to ask him whether he does not find his religion a positive *hindrance* to him in competing with Protestants, who think nothing of practices to which he entertains conscientious scruples, and who act upon lax ideas of truth and falsehood, from which he himself recoils. I am, indeed, most firmly convinced that the large majority of men who are called men of honour in the world, are habitually guilty of sayings and doings which, in the judgment of the Catholic clergy and all well-conducted Catholic laity, would be nothing better than swindling, lying, and perjury.

A similar difference from the Protestant practice, even more striking in its nature and extent, is to be observed in the private conversations of Catholics respecting the faults and sins of their fellow-men. I have not a

moment's hesitation in asserting, that the universally recognised principle on which every decent Catholic controls his tongue, is all but *unknown* even to the better sort of Protestants. I need hardly remind my readers, that in the familiar conversations of private life, it is the habit of all classes and denominations to mention the moral faults of other persons without the slightest scruple, when inclination or the turn of conversation prompts it. I am not alleging that it is thought allowable to say what is *untrue* of others, or to say what is true from a malicious and uncharitable spirit; but it will not be disputed that not one Protestant in a thousand considers it wrong to mention in a quiet way that such and such a person has been guilty of such and such a fault, or is influenced by such and such a sinful habit or feeling. A lady no more hesitates to tell her friend that she has just discharged her servant for theft, than to say that it is a fine morning. Gentlemen over their wine have no more scruple in repeating any stories they have heard of the immoralities of their acquaintances, than of discussing the previous night's debate in Parliament. Every Catholic child, on the contrary, is taught that not even to our nearest and dearest friends and kindred is it permitted ever to mention the moral faults of another person, unless they are matter of public notoriety, or unless the law of charity not only permits, but actually *requires* it. If I see my friend unwittingly putting himself in the power of a man whom I know to be a rogue, I am bound by my duty to my friend to warn him, in confidence, of what he is doing. If I have had proof that a certain professional man or shopkeeper is a swindler, there may be cases in which I am imperatively called upon to prevent others from dealing with him. But until I am so summoned by charity to destroy my fellow-man's fair reputation, I have no more right to make his sins a subject of private gossip than to publish them in the columns of a newspaper.

It will perhaps be said, that whether this be so or not, Catholics do not generally act on this rigid rule. I reply, however, that most unquestionably they do act upon it. I do not, of course, pretend that they never act otherwise. They are still sinners, even when most saintly, and the devil's temptations and their own bad inclinations, and evil example, at times throw them off their guard, and hurry them into the sin of detraction which they condemn. But as a rule, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that the difference between Catholic and Protestant gossip is of the most striking character. You may go to a Catholic dinner, or a Catholic evening party, where perhaps there is not one who is what may be called an eminently saintly person, and come away without hearing a solitary syllable spoken against the fair fame of a single individual. You may hear a vast deal said of others, and much, perhaps

too much, that may at first sight appear free and unrestrained handling of their lives and characters; but when you calmly review what you have heard, you will find that all this discussion and merry laughter has been confined to trifling personal peculiarities which were perfectly harmless, and that you had heard no more *evil* of your neighbours than you hear when you are told that a man's nose is ugly or his hair is turning grey. And the same forbearance is practised with reference to Protestants as to Catholics. The rule holds good to all alike. The reputation of every human being, from the child to the hoary sage, from the servant to the prince, we esteem a sacred possession belonging to him, of which we have no more right to rob him than to help ourselves to a man's silver spoons, or to forge his name to a cheque. I am convinced that no acute or watchful Protestant could mix familiarly with Catholic society, and have his attention directed to these points, without observing a difference from the state of things which prevails even in the very best disposed and most religious Protestant society, which could be accounted for only by the admission that the fear of God and the love of his neighbours habitually rules the Catholic's life to an extent unknown beyond the pale of Catholicism.

Here, also, I cannot forbear alluding to a subject which, though it is very far from creditable to English Catholics as a body, is yet accompanied with mitigating circumstances which bespeak the presence of deep-seated genuine religion amongst us in a very remarkable way. I allude to the excessive freedom and want of delicacy—to call it by no worse name—with which too many amongst us have occasionally been accustomed to handle each other's *public* acts and words, both in private conversation and in print. Compared to other classes and religious bodies, Catholics attack one another with a virulence, an uncharitableness, a reckless imputation of motives, and an ungentlemanly coarseness of language, which can be paralleled in no other society professing to be guided by religious principles, and to be restrained by the rules of common propriety. This, I say, is the way in which we appear to the looker on, who judges us by what he publicly sees and hears, and is naturally ignorant of the existence of that numerous class of Catholics who mourn over these lamentable exhibitions of our foolishness and bad taste, and strive to the utmost to discountenance and repress them. To our shame we have to confess, that there is scarcely a rank or order of men amongst us which, during the last ten or fifteen years, has not furnished one or more examples of persons who have forgotten the laws of decency and charitable feeling, and displayed themselves before their fellow-Catholics and fellow-countrymen in a character of which every reflecting man must be deeply ashamed.

But here is the striking feature in all this violence of language and action to which I would especially direct attention. These ebullitions of hasty temper and an uncharitable spirit of interpretation amongst us are *not* what they would be in any other class of men in the United Kingdom. They mean far less at the very time they are put forth than they would mean in the mouths and from the pens of Protestants and men of the world; and when the first heat which produced them has subsided, they are not followed by those permanent feelings of ill-will and hostility which inevitably result from the quarrels of others. It is marvellous how soon this fire and fury subsides, and the smoke passes away, and the astonished observer perceives the wrathful combatants locked in a fraternal embrace! Our quarrels are but a portion of the result of those penal laws which have kept us behind the age in general civilisation. Grown men among us Catholics are often like grown-up boys rather than like persons of mature years. We are rough, hearty, headlong, honest, open-minded, free of tongue, hasty of interpretation, and reckless of appearances; but then if we have the faults of youth we most unquestionably have its virtues, and we forget and forgive with as much facility as we take offence and abuse one another. So certain it is that if we are not always *gentlemen* we are always *Christians*.

Again, as a further extenuation of our faults in this respect, it must be remembered that we are extremely limited in numbers in our more respectable and educated class. The comparative proportion of our poor is enormous. Within that class which comes forward before the public, almost every man is known to every other, so that not only can half-a-dozen wrong-headed people throw us all into confusion, but we cannot possibly separate ourselves into minor divisions, according to our personal tastes and notions, and act together without interfering with those who differ from us in subordinate and trifling details. But among Protestants it is not so. In the vast vortex of English society each phase of character, each combination of ideas, finds itself repeated again and again in numberless instances; and when a man does not like the views and feelings of his associates, he quits them, and unites in action with others more akin to himself. Thus every section in the Establishment, in the political and in the literary and scientific world, forms its own separate republic, with its ruling spirits, its periodicals, its books, its reunions, and its very phrases of speech and of manners. And these sections rarely interfere with one another in any such way as to bring out their real animosity before the general public gaze. The country forgets the intensity of that bitterness, the irreconcilableness of that hatred, which separates the Puseyite, the Anglican, the old High Church, the Socinian, Methodist,

Evangelical, and the Calvinistic dissenter, the protectionist, the free-trader, the Whig, and the man of the people, each from all the rest. Protestants seem to agree, while in reality they are the deadliest of foes. Catholics seem to revel in assaulting and smashing one another, while in reality they are practically friends, and like headlong boys make up their quarrels while still smarting from the bruises they have inflicted on each other. I am not, of course, defending such a state of things as the highest conceivable, or the highest practicable, among Christians. On the contrary, it is deeply to be deplored, and assuredly it is speedily giving way to a more healthy and truly Catholic public opinion amongst us; but still I am bold to assert, that its very faults are the faults of genuine, sincere, and hearty, though imperfect, Christians, while their existence is alone a sufficient proof of the utter fallaciousness of the vulgar English ideas of the disciplined craft and clever cunning which are supposed to be the great weapons with which Popery would fain subdue the world.

One more feature in the Catholic moral character must be briefly touched on before concluding this division of our subject. It is one, indeed, which demands peculiar delicacy in handling, and which a false sensitiveness might require me to omit altogether; but it is of such paramount importance towards the forming a just estimation of our religion, that I must, though briefly, allude to it. I refer to the purity of thought, word, and life which is found to exist among Catholics, as compared with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. There is no need that I should allude to the opinions that are rife in this country respecting the supposed licentiousness of foreign Catholic countries. I am testifying only to what I have heard and seen, and only so far mention the question of continental morality as to state my certainty that the *real* amount of morality or immorality which exists abroad is a subject on which the general English reader has no possible means of informing himself of the truth. I believe that there never was a Catholic country abroad which was more sunk in sensual wickedness than England was a hundred years ago; and that whatever may have been the *temporary* criminality of the upper classes, and the inhabitants of towns, in *some* Catholic kingdoms, their agricultural population has always been far higher in the scale of morality than Protestant England ever was; and that never was any Catholic country which retained the name of Catholic plunged into such an abyss of abominations as still are found in the *Protestant* countries of the continent.

As to the present comparative state of English Catholicism and Protestantism in this momentous element of Christian morality, I have been impressed in the profoundest degree, since I became a Catholic, with the immeasurable superiority of the former over the latter. It

will be understood, of course, that I am speaking in both cases of the average class of persons in the two communions, who pay a general regard to the dictates of their respective creeds, and publicly identify themselves with the Church to which they belong. It would not be fair to compare the lives of the most devout of Catholics with the most openly licentious of Protestant men of the world; I therefore take on each side the ordinary class of persons who go to church on Sundays, who conduct themselves with propriety and general uprightness in their private life, who conscientiously believe Christianity to be true, and are what is popularly termed thoroughly respectable persons. Comparing, then, the individuals of this class in the two communions, I perceive a difference between them in respect of purity of thought, word, and deed, which is truly astonishing, and which would probably be deemed incredible to those who know human nature only as influenced by the Protestant creed. Undoubtedly there are occasional exceptions to be found in the Catholic body to what I have stated; now and then persons are to be detected among the laity—(for among the clergy I never perceived the faintest trace of any such evil)—who, under the mask of decency and religion, are more or less slaves to their vile appetites, and insensible to the rigid purity which Christianity demands from all men; but notwithstanding these exceptions, I should be blind if I did not see that in the point I am mentioning the Catholic Church is literally another world of beings, contrasted with the Protestant. However rude or rough, however boisterous and uncivilised, however wanting in that refinement which has nothing to do with real morality, and is the mere result of a high state of intellectual cultivation, the society of English Catholics, whether of grown-up men or of youths, is untainted with that grossness of language and sentiment which, with a few individual exceptions, undeniably exists in every other class throughout the kingdom, however polished and refined it may outwardly be.

I know, by long experience, what are the real habits of thought and recognised principles of decent and respectable Protestants of every rank. I know what boys, and youths, and grown-up men, and persons of venerable age are, in the public schools, in the universities, at the bar, in the Protestant ministry, and in the higher ranks; I know what is the *tone* of thought and feeling which is accepted by them all as natural, inevitable, and allowable through the overpowering strength of human passions; and I cannot but perceive that the discipline of the Catholic Church is founded upon a depth of practical wisdom, and accompanied by a supernatural influence, which places *her* children, when tolerably obedient to her commands, so far above the level of the gross, sensual world in which they live, that by most Protestants I should be treated as a deceiver

for attempting to persuade them of what they account an impossibility.

No person can become familiar with a Catholic college, or with Catholic boys at home under the parental roof, without remarking this extraordinary contrast. However deficient may be the Catholic seminaries in many things which cultivate the intellect, however far they may occasionally fall short of that perfection of discipline which the Catholic Church desires of them, no man can compare their inmates with the inmates of Protestant schools, and with the general run of young men of respectable character, and fail to be astonished at what he sees. My readers may be assured that a Catholic boy, as such, is generally a different species of being from a Protestant boy. He frequently preserves his innocence, his simplicity, his openness and guilelessness of character, to an extent which I believe to be wholly without parallel among the best of Protestants. And at this very time, I am convinced that there are large numbers of grown-up Catholics in this country, especially among the priesthood, who have retained the freshness of their baptismal purity, and who know

sin as a matter of *knowledge* only, and not of experience. The candid and well-meaning Protestant, whose credulity has been abused by horrible tales of Romish wickedness, and who contemplates with horror the prospect of the progress of Catholicism among the families of decent and moral England, may be assured that, could he know this dreaded religion as it is,—could he personally test the practical result of that system of self-examination, and of that auricular confession which he believes to be pregnant with frightfully defiling mischiefs, he would indignantly cast away his previous prejudice against the Catholic Church as one of the most accursed of delusions with which the enemy of men ever thwarted the Divine purposes of mercy to mankind.

I can, however, linger no more on this branch of our subject; and in another paper shall endeavour to bring it altogether to a conclusion, by shewing what are the real influences of the reception of the peculiarly Catholic religious dogmas upon the minds of those who embrace them, and how far our spiritual character is what it is supposed.

MODERN CHURCH ARCHITECTURE.

WE have been requested to lay before our readers some further elucidation of the grounds on which, in a previous article,* we declared our conviction of the mediocrity and poverty of the Catholic ecclesiastical architecture of the present day. We spoke of it as being no true expression of the mind of the Church, with that peculiar reference to her modern circumstances which would be characteristic of any architecture entitled to the term *poetic*, but as simply a revivalism of one of the outward forms which the inner life of Catholicism assumed in days long past away. We now hasten to comply with the wishes of our correspondents; and shall endeavour, first, to shew, that our modern Church architecture is not a *Christian art* at all, in the sense in which the architecture of the past ages was an art; and secondly, to furnish illustrations of that poverty of conception, and inapplicability to the wants and necessities of *man*, which are naturally to be expected from a system which is not genuine and real, but factitious and hollow.

As our remarks will bear especially upon Gothic architecture, it will be right to premise, that in the formation of our views upon the subject we have run counter to every personal feeling and taste of our own. Far as we are from being bigotedly attached to any one species of architecture, whether secular or ecclesiastical, as a matter of preference, our in-

clinations and affections are with the works of the thirteenth century above all others; and we have never ceased to regard them as the *most* perfect works of architectural genius and skill to which mankind has ever given birth. We are urging opinions to which we adhere with the utmost reluctance, holding them as unwelcome truths, which we only believe because they force themselves upon our convictions upon grounds which we conceive to be unanswerable.

It has, then, been a universal law in all past ages of the Church and the world, even including (in a great measure) the revival of classical architecture in the sixteenth century, that one style of building *alone* has prevailed in each period. Church architecture has never been different from the ordinary architecture of the day. It is an elementary law in the nature of every art, that it should be a *living* language, and not a *dead* language. It is the tongue spoken and understood by prince and peasant alike, by the most accomplished scholar and theologian, and the most ignorant child. It is the habitual form in which the mind of the age utters its thoughts, feelings, and faith, on all subjects, from the loftiest to the most trivial. As the eloquent orator, the keen disputant, the writer on sciences, the poet, the novelist, the conversational epigrammatist, the trifling gossip, and the beggar in the street, ever use the very same tongue in expressing themselves, the only

* See *Rambler* for June 1849, p. 96.

difference between their words and writings consisting in the various degrees of the skill with which they employ the rules of grammar, and the capabilities of the language; so has it been with religious architecture, and all true art, in every age and every country. Hindoo architecture, Mussulman, Saracenic, primitive Christian, Byzantine, and Gothic,—all are but the application of the ordinary rules of building of each successive period to the necessities of religious worship. It is a mere verbal fiction to call any thing a fine *art* which is not the *natural* expression of the inhabitants of the age and country in which it is cultivated. The moment we can escape from the prejudices and shallowness in which this our age has brought us up, we perceive that the very elementary ideas of religious building, which are cultivated by artists and amateurs alike, are radically opposed to those of every other age of humanity. Paradoxical and absurd as it may at first sight seem, the French and Belgian Catholic peasant, who decks an image of the Madonna in trumpery ribbons and spangles, because ribbons and spangles are the things which are his ornaments for the festive occasions of every-day life, acts on the very same *ideas* of Christian art as the designers of Westminster Abbey or Cologne Cathedral. He takes those forms, those materials, those conventional rules of construction, which are natural to him, which he is most familiar with in domestic and social life, and, without a thought of their inapplicability to higher purposes, applies them to every object on which he wishes to lavish the tokens of his reverence and his admiration, of his love and of his joy.

The Gothic architects, like the Byzantine and the earliest Christian artists, and like the architects of Judaism, and of every false religion, never dreamed of adopting forms of building and decoration in sacred things different from those which were in daily use. They would as soon have thought of adopting a peculiar language in preaching or in conversing on religious subjects, as of conceiving that there was any incongruity in building churches in the same style as houses, and decorating an altar or a statue with the same ornaments which they hung about their couches or their banquetting-tables. *We*, on the contrary, in our ignorant self-applause, laugh, and are, forsooth, disgusted, when we go into a foreign church, and see an altar surmounted with a canopy very like a royal bedstead, and an image of our Lady dressed up with the muslin, silks, and rings of a Parisian or London fine lady. Our notion is, that we should employ, in sacred purposes, those materials, forms, and decorations, which are *not* associated in our minds with the trivialities, or amusements, or necessary occupations of secular life. We have taken to a *cant* architectural language, stiff, formal, unreal; just

like an Anglican clergyman's sermon, in which the preacher drops the forms of speech of every-day life, and takes up with an artificial phraseology, under the notion that common language is irreverent and familiar, and that the same thing is to be expressed in different words in a private room and in a pulpit.

Such, then, is Gothic architecture to England, and the world in general, in the nineteenth century; and such, in a lower degree, is classical architecture in all its varieties. Gothic is no more *our* architectural language than Egyptian architecture is, and than Anglo-Saxon is our natural spoken tongue. We do not habitually think in it, so to say. We learn it by rules; we speak it with an effort; we gather its principles from books; and we are never certain that we are not making some grievous blunder when we employ it, or that a resuscitated architect of the middle ages would not turn up his nose at our most carefully designed constructions. This, we say, is a fact; unpleasant and miserable enough it may be, but still a fact. The only style of building (if any thing so trashy can be called a style) that is *natural* to us, and which is to our minds what Gothic architecture was to our mediæval forefathers, consists in flat roofs, square-headed windows with no mullions, papered walls, plastered ceilings, Brussels carpets, chairs and sofas, with not a trace of Gothic design or ornament about them; in a word, there cannot be conceived two things more radically unlike, than the churches we build to pray in, and the houses we build to live in. Either, therefore, every previous age has gone upon false principles, and we alone are right, or they were right, and we have no Christian architectural art at all.

Mr. Pugin, and other enthusiastic lovers of Gothic architecture, are, it is true, labouring to make Gothic as universal now as it was 500 years ago; but, however we may admire their zeal, we regard it as an utter waste of toil and talent to attempt that which is in truth an impossibility. There are obstacles in the way of the substitution of Gothic for that bastard Italian which now prevails amongst us, which it is utterly hopeless to combat. Until the whole race of house-builders can be convinced that a Gothic house is *cheaper* and *more* comfortable than one of our present shapeless masses of bricks and mortar; until Mr. Pugin can shew that a mullioned window with casements keeps out wind and rain *better* than a square window with sashes, and that it can be made to do this at a *less* cost; and until, further, we can persuade mankind that it is pleasanter to look out through the narrow spaces between the said mullions than through the wide aperture of an Italian window; we might as well try to get all the world to talk Greek as to make them adopt Gothic architecture as their natural style of building. Odiously ugly,

unpoetical, destitute of sentiment, unworthy of the name of art, as is the universal architecture of the day, it cannot be got rid of by any means at the command of mortal man.

Gothic architecture thus being no true artistic language to us, we necessarily find it an unmanageable instrument in our hands; and instead of using its principles for our particular needs, we copy its monuments so far as we have the talent to imitate them, and the money to spend upon our experiments. Hence the Church architecture of the day has never yet addressed itself to the grasping the great facts of the time, and to the production of such a series of buildings as may practically answer the purposes that duty calls us to fulfil.

Take, first, the one, portentous, overwhelming fact in the Catholic Church in England, its wide-spread poverty, and the utter spiritual destitution and ignorance of the masses of the poor Catholics. No building can pretend to be a work of art, adapted to the present time, which does not recognise the fact that we have no money to spend on mere decoration or splendour. The aim of the true Christian architect ought to be, to create a style of design, both in plan and details, which shall be within the means of an age of poverty, which shall directly aim at the instruction and edification of the poor, and shall embody all those resources which modern times place in our hands. We are not, of course, inventing a new architectural style of our own; but we can tell what things a true Catholic architecture *ought* to comprise, and the absence of which is one among many proofs that what is popularly called art is nothing better than antiquarianism. A real Christian architecture would, first of all, be very far from costly; in the second place, it would be eminently characteristic of that spirit of openness and love, and of that free munificence with which the Church now displays to her children and to the world the adorable mysteries of religion, and especially the Humanity of our Blessed Lord, as present with his Divinity in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar; it would make special preparation for all the more modern devotions, such as Benediction, the Stations of the Cross, and the like; it would provide for the organ and choir in conformity with the demands of modern musical compositions, instead of leaving it to chance to fix the organ and singers in some disadvantageous place in a church built on the models of an age when such organs as ours were comparatively unknown; it would remember, that with our myriads of poor, destitute of almost all religious knowledge, and the extreme fewness of our clergy, no church could be worthy the name which was not specially adapted for preaching and hearing; it would employ all the modern mechanical arts which might tend to render building easy where before it would

be difficult—for instance, making use of iron, both wrought and cast, to an extent unknown to our forefathers; it would call in all the resources of painting (not patterns, which are merely ornamental, but pictures, which are edifying and instructive),—an art which was scarcely in its infancy in the days of the glories of Gothic architecture; it would be specially adapted to the narrow, crowded streets of towns and cities, where every inch of ground must be purchased with gold, even if it can be purchased at all, and where light can only be obtained at a great height from the floor; it would find resources for satisfying the modern demands for warmth, and still more for ventilation, and not leave our churches and chapels the hot-beds of pestilence, as they now are. Such have been the achievements of all true religious architecture in other times, whether Pagan or Christian, Byzantine or Mediæval. Whatever the age knew, it embodied; whatever the age could do, it accomplished; whatever the age wanted, it furnished. It did not ask for precedents, just as a man who wants to express a new idea in words, does not examine Chaucer or Spenser to know what words were in use in their days. It knew its own wishes, and its own resources; and as it fearlessly employed every one of the latter, so it most abundantly supplied every one of the former.

The fatal error of revivalism consists in this, that it forgets that, while faith and morals never change, circumstances and means are not the same for two centuries together. Once the Church was overwhelmingly rich, therefore magnificent cathedrals and superb vestments were natural and proper; now she is almost sunk in pauperism, and therefore splendour is frequently a mockery and an absurdity. Once her temples were crowded with ecclesiastics, and therefore deep chancels were a necessary appendage to a noble nave; now, even three priests is counted a large body of clergy for a population of ten or fifteen thousand Catholics, and therefore a spacious chancel is ridiculous. Once the laity could not read, and therefore dark churches were harmless; now, every body reads, and the Church encourages them to enter into all the details of the ceremonial and the service of the altar, and therefore light is an absolute necessity. Once, while architecture flourished, painting was unknown, therefore architects built churches in which pictures can with difficulty be placed, and in which, when they are placed, they cannot be seen; now, architecture is debased, while painting flourishes, and is daily more and more loved by all classes in the community, and therefore pictures ought to form a prominent feature in every work of the architect's hand.

What, then, ought we to do? So at least the reader will perhaps reply, and will bid the

critic himself accomplish what he asks from others. This, however, is not our vocation. If any man can do what we have demanded, most thankful shall we be to see his work, and shall own that the Christian architect's art is not yet extinct amongst us. But until we see a man designing buildings on the *principles* of the classical and mediæval architects, and not on the *rules* of classical and mediæval buildings, we must continue to deny the praise of any thing better than antiquarianism, correctness, labour, and ingenuity, to the efforts of the present day. We do not want the *buildings* of men of the middle ages, but their *brains*. We want their *art* more than their *works* of art. We want their zeal, their energy, their strength of character, their perseverance, their fertility of imagination, their command over the resources of their age, their superiority to bigotry, their hatred of cant and shams; and not their windows or their arches, their carvings and their embroideries, except so far as these things are natural to our own age, and suitable to our present necessities.

As to the practical conclusion, our course is clear. We do not pretend to say that people should not build Gothic churches, nor Norman churches, nor Italian churches. As long as we can do nothing better, in the name of all that is business-like let us copy. But do not let us call a copy an original composi-

tion, or think that because we can make verses therefore we are poets. Let every man who has a new church to build, build the best he can, in some ancient style or other, unless he has the divine gift within him to build something natural, real, and new; but do not flatter him with the title of a Christian artist, while he is nothing more than an amateur and an antiquarian, or puff him up by comparing his works with those of the great men of other days. Our best hopes for attaining to any thing great, consist in the recognition of our present feebleness. When we have learned to distinguish a work of art from a manufacture, there will be some chance of our growing into artists. Self-conceit and self-applause are the bane of all that is noble and progressive. The frog could not puff herself out to the size of the ox. Many people have thought themselves epic poets; but there is but one *Iliad*, and one *Paradise Lost*. Let us understand what we *can* do, and then we shall do it well, and mayhap may advance to do that which now seems an impossibility. But do not let us think ourselves poets in our generation, or plume ourselves on walking in the steps of the men who built York and Cologne, the Parthenon and the Pantheon; or, when we have spent all our money, and wasted all our energies, we shall find, like Monsieur Jourdain, that *we have been all our lives talking prose, without knowing it*.

CATHOLIC COLLEGE DIFFICULTIES.

"WHY are some of our Colleges always in difficulties in money-matters?" asks the looker-on, whether sorrowfully, angrily, or inquiringly. "Because they will run into debt," replies one person. "Because they spend their money on bricks and mortar," replies a second. "Because they are not properly supplied with good teachers," says a third. "Because the Catholic body is poor," says a fourth. "Because the Bishops have too much power in them," says a fifth. "Because the Bishops do not take them properly in hand," says a sixth. "Because they are too secular in spirit," says a seventh. "Because they are narrow and too ecclesiastical," says an eighth. "Because there are too many of them," says every body else, who has no particular definite reason to bring forward to account for the fact that our seminaries are not as rich as Oxford and Cambridge.

We are not about to uphold or to refute all or any of these reasons, which, indeed, might be multiplied two or threefold by any one who has heard half the speculations which are common amongst us on this painfully interesting subject. We have another reason of our own to bring forward, which we

shall endeavour to enforce with all the earnestness and cogency of proof that we can command. Besides all the above causes, reasonable and unreasonable, real or fictitious, which popular ingenuity has discovered to account for the pecuniary difficulties of some of our seminaries, and for the absence of proper provision in all, there exists another, which would continue to paralyse the efforts of our collegiate authorities, were every one of the above-named causes of discontent to be removed to-morrow. And not only would it continue thus to paralyse them, but it is the very *fons et origo malorum*. Could it be once overcome, it would itself cure every other evil, as it has mainly tended to the creation of those very sources of difficulty which now hang like a millstone around our necks.

This cause is none other than the apathy of the Catholic laity of the upper and middle ranks in all that concerns the education of their children. The Catholic colleges *cannot* support themselves as they ought, while the demand for education on the part of parents remains what it now is. The apparatus for a good education is too costly to be maintained

by those miserable supplies which the niggardliness of the Catholic body now doles out in return for an education cut short before it is half completed. The aristocracy and gentry of the Catholic body are possessed with a notion that a gentleman's education can be completed at the age of sixteen or seventeen; so that the money which ought to be given to the colleges for four or five years' additional instruction is wasted in employments or amusements which are in no way whatever advantageous to the young man in after-life; and the colleges themselves are utterly prevented from conferring that perfect training which is essential to every man of respectable station in modern days.

It is in truth a most lamentable thing to look over a list of all the Catholic peers, baronets, and men of landed property, and then to count up the number of their sons who are completing a Christian gentleman's education at our various seminaries. It rouses one's indignation to see a whole race of men, of the oldest families in the kingdom, who perhaps have remained faithful to their religion for generations of persecution, and who unquestionably are among the haughtiest and most exclusive classes in the land, so insensible to the claims of Christian and social duty, and so blinded to the responsibilities and the perils of their position, as to be often content to put an end to their sons' education at the very time when the Protestant nobleman or gentleman considers the education of *his* son, as a *man*, is scarcely commenced. We mourn to see the semi-barbarous insensibility to the demands of the age, which makes them willing to suffer their children to labour under the very same disadvantages which they themselves have often felt, or ought to have felt, so keenly. We grieve to find that even the Catholic religion cannot drive from their minds these antiquated prejudices in favour of ignorance, or open the eyes of our upper classes to the folly of not conferring on the rising generation those advantages which were denied to that which is now grown old.

This is the real root of the mischief. This it is which makes people say we have too many colleges. We have not one too many, if Catholic parents would do their duty to their children, and not call them away from school while yet half-grown boys. If the Catholic aristocracy and gentry would do what the rest of the world does, and continue the education of their sons till the age of one, two, or three and twenty, instantly our colleges would receive such an accession to their numbers as would place them on a fair footing, and enable them to do their duty to their pupils. Nothing can be more unfair than our present system. Our colleges are crowded with the children of Catholic families during that tender age when they give the most trou-

ble, and pay the least in return for it; and at that very period of life when from labour-giving boys they would be growing into intelligent young men, and when even an English Catholic parent would consent (perhaps after grievous grumbling) to pay something like a decent remuneration for his teaching, they are often called away, to waste in inaction some four or five years of the most precious period of their whole life.

Every one knows how hard it is to convince a father or mother that any thing more is necessary for their children than was necessary for themselves; or how any thing that was impossible in their own younger days, can be imperatively demanded for a fresh generation, now that it is no longer impossible. A respectable gentleman, who has just known enough of figures to sum up his rent-roll, and of Latin to expound the legend on his coat-of-arms, cannot conceive why the Honourable A. B., or Sir C. D., or Squire E. F., now a boy with a beardless chin, should not take to his hounds, or balls, or the opera, or go abroad to Rome or Jerusalem, and form his mind at freedom, without the control of pedantic priests, and the study of logic and Greek, of astronomy and English composition. An uncultivated generation ever seeks to perpetuate its own incapacity; and people who cannot take their proper place in society because they are worse taught than others, are jealous of the aspirations of their own children, and cannot comprehend why they want to be more learned than their fathers.

We confess, therefore, that we have little hope of stimulating the race that has grown old in ignorance to such a demand for education as shall place all our colleges in a satisfactory pecuniary position. Here and there, undoubtedly, are admirable exceptions to be found, but, unhappily, they are still rare; and we repeatedly hear of men of station and fortune, from whom we had hoped for better things, degrading themselves by paying rather less for their children's education than their dress, and accounting it no shame. To the wiser and better few, however, who are superior to the class to which they belong, and to the young themselves, who are not yet wedded to ignorance and incapacity as to a charm, we shall address a few brief words, to shew the absolute necessity which exists for a reform in our prevalent ideas of the age at which college education should cease.

It is clear, in the first place, without a word of proof, that the Catholic gentleman cannot take his proper place in the world, if his education has not been carried on to the same perfection as his Protestant fellow-countrymen. Neither in private society, nor at the bar, nor as a physician, nor in Parliament, nor as a country magistrate, nor at public meetings, nor in any one of those positions in which he

may be called upon to come forward and do his duty to his religion and his fellow-men, can he avoid being ousted, neglected, derided, or forgotten, if to his natural advantages he does not add the advantages of a thorough training of all the powers of his mind. If he cannot express himself as well in speeches, if he cannot write as well, understand as quickly, argue as keenly, refer to as many authorities, and display the same general cultivation of the intellect as his most favoured competitors, he will have no chance in the battle of life, and see the cause of all he most holds dear sacrificed through his own want of knowledge and incompetency. We put it to our honest and candid readers, whether they have not again and again found that this has been the case in times past. Can they not point to numerous instances, in which Catholics of birth and large wealth, of excellent natural abilities and irreproachable private character, have been shelved and put out of the way by bolder and more skilful opponents, simply because they were unequal to the struggle of actual life, or were too sensible of their own deficiencies to prolong it against adversaries for whom they were no equal match?

All this, indeed, was unavoidable while Catholicism was trodden under foot by persecuting penal laws, and a still more persecuting public opinion. It could not be helped. It was useless to complain of it, for it was impossible to remedy it. But now it is so no longer. The penal laws are gone, and vulgar prejudice is departing also. The world now almost expects Catholics to come forward, and make good their claims, and shew that they are no degenerate sons of those men who laid the foundations of England's greatness and freedom, and the monuments of whose piety and genius are still scattered over the land in parish church and ruined abbey, and college and cathedral. If we fail now, it is our own fault. Our fathers could do nothing. We can do all; and if we are content in the season of our prosperity to do no more than they did in the season of their adversity, indelible will be our dishonour, and fatal the results to all we most cherish and desire.

Again, it is only by a far different intellectual discipline than has hitherto contented us, that we can make head against the growing infidelity and anarchical principles of the day, or that we can even prevent these deadly foes from making incursions into our own ranks, and destroying those who would have endured unscathed the fiercest storms of legislative persecution. Men's minds all around us are alive with a fearful and morbid energy; their past belief is swept away; they labour only to systematise their scepticism, and to undermine all that yet remains standing. A population which already increases at the rate of one thousand souls a

day, is staggering to and fro like a drunken man, reeling with mingled folly and frenzy, but yet able to destroy itself and all with whom it meets. Society is breaking up, and we alone can save it from going to pieces. But only by training ourselves to a perfect equality with our foes, can we encounter them without ruin to ourselves, much less with any benefit to them. If we would take them captive to the truth, we must buckle on a suit of mail impervious to their sharpest blows, and be prepared to lay them low with their own weapons. Rejoicing as we are to perceive the youthful Catholic mind awakening to a fresh life and vigour, and throwing off the slumbers which have enthralled us for ages, we tremble to think of its encountering the wily unbelief and treachery which will meet it on every side, unless it is fully prepared both to understand and to refute the errors that prevail, and to cope with the ablest and most determined spirits which the world of Protestantism and Infidelity may send forth. Easy in comparison has been the duty of our fathers to that to which we now are summoned. They had but to endure. We must either conquer or die.

Again, let any man who possesses the slightest knowledge of the youthful mind, ask himself what kind of an education that can be, which stops short much before two or three and twenty years of age. Till the boy has attained the age of sixteen or seventeen, scarcely one of all the most important faculties of the mind are capable of any real training. Until that time the teacher can do little more than store the memory with the rules and phrases of languages, and commence the formation of the taste, and create good habits of study. Of all that is taught to boys before that age, how little is actually remembered in after-life, and made use of! What we remember in our grown-up years is that which we learnt when we were young men rather than children; when our mind itself was so far developed as to become a storehouse for what we read, and not a mere sieve, in which what was put in above ran out as fast below. The cultivation of the reasoning powers, the judgment, the imagination, together with the acquisition of a real practical knowledge of history, philosophy, theology, and science, cannot be commenced until that period when most Catholic boys are leaving school. Still more, that one faculty without which all else is practically of little value, the power of expressing oneself in speaking or in writing with clearness, force, grace, and manly vigour, is a thing which it is hopeless to attempt to infuse into a mere boy. It is not till the age of eighteen or nineteen, or even later, that a young man's mind begins to have thoughts of its own on which the teacher can work, and which he

can lead it to utter with propriety and precision, if not with spirit and with eloquence. The compositions of a boy are for the most part parrot repetitions of what he has heard or read; they are not the expressions of his own original thoughts, or of the convictions of his own understanding; and therefore, under whatever instruction or guidance they may be written, they have little or no influence in forming his future style, and in enabling him so to write and speak as to make his words respected. We see the results of a complete and of an incomplete education in this very point every day in the common Protestant world. Almost every body in the aristocratic or professional ranks can express himself on paper with propriety; while men of the trading class, even when of very considerable natural abilities and great acquired information, are rarely equal to writing a page on any subject whatever, without being guilty of some blunder which would hardly ever be committed by better educated men of far inferior talents, and far less extensive general knowledge. There is scarcely ever a good book written by a person whose school education was ended while he was a mere boy.

To every person, then, who has it in his power in any way to remedy the evils of the

present state of affairs, we earnestly commend the consideration of this important truth. Were our education perfect in every conceivable respect, it would be valueless, unless it were continued for a far longer period than is now commonly thought necessary amongst us. The most wholesome and best cooked food in the world will not keep a man alive, unless he has enough of it. A strong man cannot exist and work hard upon a French roll and a small mutton chop *per diem*. Until Catholic parents make up their minds to get rid of their antiquated prejudices, and are prepared to adapt themselves to the exigencies and duties of the day in which Providence has cast their lot, we may patch up one difficulty after another, and just contrive to keep all our colleges existing; we may go on perhaps for years to come as we have gone on for years past; but we shall never deal fairly with our collegiate authorities, or arm our youth for the conflict in which they must engage, or protect their own religion from the delusions of modern antichristian subtlety, or enable them to win fresh conquests for the faith, unless we grasp and consistently act upon the truth, that we are educating them, not to continue schoolboys for the rest of their days, but to be Christian men.

THE NEW CROOK IN THE LOT.

A Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

[Concluded from p. 181.]

CHAPTER XXII.

Conclusion.

WE need not dwell on the sorrow at Westerton Hall.

Major Carminowe was to be buried in the consecrated ground belonging to the small Catholic chapel at Waterton. On the morning of the funeral, Mr. Villars took Lady Emily at a very early hour to the convent; and while he was beholding the interment of his friend, the widow, prostrate before the Blessed Sacrament on the Altar, thought of the intermediate state, and prayed fervently, faithfully, and happily for the soul that had departed to it. The pious religious allowed Lady Emily to remain for the consolations of religion for a time in their house. Mr. Villars was alone with Katherine at the Hall.

In the midst of Katherine's distress, she heard from Player. He had become a Catholic, and so had Eleanor; and he wrote in a strain of thankful and humble joy. "I pray most heartily that something may arise to awaken *you* from the dream in which so many still are spellbound. As a sleep-walker is often aroused to real life and the dangers of his position by some reality which connects itself

with the dream that enchains his mind and prompts his steps, so it was with me; and by some no less happy means may a like result occur to you."

Kate used to wander into the chapel just fitted up at Westerton, and now so terribly deserted, and weep and even pray there. She loved it, because Mass had been said there—she knew that she loved it for this cause, and never blamed herself for it.

One day Kate accompanied Mr. Villars to see her cousin at the convent. She thought miserably of her own situation. Would that any one could tell her, if she had really promised any thing to God which, under any circumstances, must be performed. Was she bound, or was she free? She wished to be free. And that wish—was it innocent or guilty? Who could tell her—who could she trust—was there any one that she dared depend upon? and in a matter concerning herself and her God, was there any one she might dare believe?

Mr. Villars seemed to be thinking on the same things; for, as the carriage stopped at the convent-gates, he exclaimed, "Here we are; and now we may see *real* nuns."

Soon Kate had entered her cousin's apartment; Mr. Villars was in the reception-room with Father Dennis. The room was very plainly furnished, with neatly painted articles. A small iron bed, with snow-white hangings, occupied one side. A crucifix hung against the wall, and beneath it stood a sort of desk, with a step for kneeling upon, and a drawer for books. Kate remained for a few minutes contemplating the first instance she had ever seen of sufficiency without superfluity.

She talked happily for some time with her cousin, and then the dear reverend mother visited them. Kate's heart beat loud when she heard the chink of the beads and the rustling of the stuff dress. The gentle manners of the lady reassured her.

"Were you ever in a convent before?" asked the reverend mother.

"Never," said Kate; and added, "my cousin finds its solitude a blessed consolation."

"To comfort the afflicted is one of our duties," replied the lady.

"Do you *vow* to do so?" asked Kate very quickly.

The good mother smiled, and explained about their vows to Katherine; and then Katherine asked some questions about vocations; and again and again returned to her mind the impression that had been so strong there when Anna died, that the religions were two—that the circumstances of the one could not be applied to the other; and another impression, which of late had been greatly strengthening, that if one was right, the other was wrong. Then Katherine asked about Rachel Meadows. The account was not a very encouraging one. The diligent and judicious nursing of the nuns had saved her from threatened death, but she was still in such a state of nervous weakness as to alarm her friends. Perfect regularity and quietness of life, with occupation in sufficient variety, were now her only medicines. No persuasion could induce her to go beyond the precincts of the convent; and at first she had not been taken into the garden without exhibiting signs of terror. But the out-door exercise had been gently insisted upon, as absolutely necessary to her in her precarious state of health. At first she had frequently asked if she were safe; if any one could take her away; would they promise to let her live there; and might she be sure never to see any one from Westerton again? To these questions, all tending to shew the unsettled state of her mind, the sisters had answered in some suitable way, and had then tried to interest her in matters not connected with herself. And at the time of Kate's visit, her chief pleasure was to be employed in the hospital, in some small services which occupied her attention, and appealed agreeably to her former wishes to be actively engaged in religious works.

Mr. Villars had also been inquiring for Rachel Meadows, and while Father Dennis was giving him some account of her, he was called away to see Mrs. Newcome, who had been with Rachel when Katherine and Mr. Villars arrived, and had remained vainly endeavouring to quiet Rachel, on whom the sight of the carriage from the Hall had produced most alarming effects. Mrs. Newcome soon came in.

"O Mr. Villars," cried Jane. "No one knows what is the matter with her. It is truly deplorable. I wish you could have heard her beseeching me to promise that no one should carry her away. She will certainly lose her senses—she kept declaring that you were come to force her away. Indeed, it is one of the most affecting things that ever was witnessed."

Jane and Mr. Villars talked some time together, and then Father Dennis reappeared. He said a few words to Mr. Villars privately, and then Mr. Villars left the room with him.

Katherine was very curious to know what Father Dennis had talked to Mr. Villars about; but Mr. Villars was not communicative. And when they reached the village, Mr. Villars told Katherine that he should like to be set down at the Parsonage, that he had something to say to Mr. Jarvis, and that he should volunteer to dine and take tea there, and therefore not return to the Hall till night.

Father Dennis had asked Mr. Villars to accompany him to Miss Meadows, and the account that Katherine so longed to hear was that evening detailed with great exactness to Mr. Jarvis.

Mr. Villars found Rachel only just recovered from the convulsions into which the sight of the Hall carriage had thrown her. She evidently had to struggle hard to preserve her composure. It was a successful conflict, however, and she asked him to sit down, and, by a few commonplace questions, commenced the conversation. But very soon Mr. Villars was entirely interested.

"I am a very weak creature now," said Rachel. "I have gone through a great deal—secretly I have suffered, but I can do so no more. This day has convinced me that I am not strong enough to pursue the conduct that I had marked out for myself."

"You must be aware," said Mr. Villars, "that I have no clue for understanding the circumstances and trials to which you allude."

"I know that," replied Rachel; "and therefore I have sent for you. Will you visit me this day fortnight, and be the depository of my story?"

"Yes, if I am free to act as I like afterwards. I will hear nothing as a secret; I will have no restraint put upon me."

"Just so is my wish," replied Rachel. "I depend upon your judgment, and desire to use

it instead of my own. Before that time, I shall have relieved my mind before God, and have committed my sorrows to a confidence that cannot be broken."

"Are you going to become a Catholic?" asked Mr. Villars.

"Yes," answered Rachel. "And you, Mr. Villars, must not blame me. Here my desires of consecration to the service of God are not repulsed; here I have found an authorised field for labour; here I am not told to 'wait for other times;' and here I am under as much authority as even *you* could desire." And Rachel smiled with her former archness, as she examined the puzzled face of her friend.

"And here," said Mr. Villars, "I trust you will be happy."

"Yes," answered Rachel, "as soon as this poor mind is relieved of a load which truly else would kill the body, I shall be happy. In the mean time," she added, "will you tell my friends at the vicarage—will you tell Mr. Jarvis—that I am now glad that he repulsed me? I thought that he might have afforded me *a something* as a rest to my desires, but he could not; and since then I have been brought here, where I have found *all*."

Mr. Villars related this conversation to Mr. Jarvis, who received the message with sorrow. "Another gone," he said; "and a fine character. I wish I could have met her wishes."

The following morning Katherine was inclined to accuse Mr. Villars of being obdurately silent on the subject of Father Dennis. He neither said where he had been with him, nor of what they had spoken, but he declared his intention of again visiting the convent, and that on an appointed day, and for an appointed purpose. Finding her old friend impracticable, Katherine dismissed her curiosity, and turned her thoughts upon herself. She was deep in the interesting meditation, when Mr. Villars invited her to walk, and soon she was strolling along the garden-walks and through the shrubbery glades by his side.

"How splendid are these full summer days!" said Katherine. "I love the summer—listen, what sweet music the bees are making among those flowers!"

"Nature is full of beauties; and every season is grateful to a healthy mind, such as I have always believed yours to be."

"Till lately," added Katherine, with a smile.

Mr. Villars was looking at her, and saw the look that accompanied the words. "I cannot smile about trials," he said. He spoke so abruptly, that Kate, confused and abashed, remained speechless. Mr. Villars, not seeing her distress, continued:

"It would be most heartless if you really meant to trifle about things which are among the most important of our lives, and are meant to be so. I have only lately learnt to think and speak with composure of the hopes of *my*

youth. When I was twenty-three I loved; and now I am sixty-five"—and as Mr. Villars spoke, he stood still, and lifted his hat from his snow-white hair—"and now I am sixty-five, and have only lately learnt to think of her without anguish, and to see her, and touch her hand, and listen to her voice, not with sorrow, but with friendship only. I say that honest and true love is intended to be strong and abiding, and of powerful influence over us; and are such feelings to be trifled with? or is any sorrow connected with such feelings to be approached with a smile?"

He spoke with energy, and stood, looking away from her, but still expecting a reply; and Kate answered with an earnestness equal to his own.

"Mr. Villars, I was not trifling. If I smiled, it was from very far other motives. I was thinking of giving you pleasure, at the expense of confessing my own folly. I wish to speak of those unfortunate resolutions of mine. I see now, that circumstanced as I then was—as I still am—I did wrong. I have well weighed what you have said to me, and I put some questions to the reverend mother yesterday, and her answers left me no room for doubts. You may say this to Arthur Staurton, if you like. And I acknowledge to you, that no one can imagine what my happiness would be, if I could discover the real value of what I did. Were my thoughts, my spoken and written words, equivalent to a vow of celibacy? That question is for ever rising in my mind. I don't know what I have done, and no one can explain it to me; I heartily repent, and no one can absolve me."

"Thank God," exclaimed Mr. Villars, "that this moment, though unforeseen, has been provided for." He took from his pocket-book the note that Father Beulau had written to the Duchess, when the question of Katherine's vow was placed before him.

Kate heard the short explanation that was given to her with gratitude and astonishment, and read the priest's decision with thankful joy.

But then came the woman's pride, and the maiden's reserve and fear. Her heart swelled with happiness at the thought of Arthur, and yet her cheek glowed at the recollection of what she had lately said. "Mr. Villars, could I have suspected this—had I ever supposed that any thing could end my uncertainty, I should never have sent—almost sent—that message to Arthur."

Mr. Villars smiled. "If it be possible to be maidenly right, and morally wrong, you would then have been in that predicament," he said. "But—Heaven bless you, my dear girl—I had forgotten Arthur's last letter! Oh, Kate, Kate, why was not all this said before?"

"How, sir? What do you mean?"

"That Arthur does not aspire to the hand of the heiress of Westerton. Besides being possessed of your own ample fortune, you are now the heiress of your father's line, as his will directed, in case your cousin should have no family."

"Of course, I know that," said Katherine, steadily.

"You must marry, my dear girl, suitably to the wealth with which Major Carminowe's death has possessed you. In my last letter from Arthur—here it is—he says, 'It is well that she is already lost to me. I should never have aspired to her under such circumstances as the present.'"

To feel that Arthur would not seek her, was indeed a new thing to Katherine. During the few months in which she had been dwelling on his and her own circumstances, she had learnt to regard him as so irrevocably connected with her, that the relinquishment of her supposed vows had been to her mind like the acknowledgment of his claims. But now a new set of scruples had arisen, the surmounting of which did not depend upon herself. In the very moment in which she had felt that her destiny was again in her own hand, it had passed away from her like a dream. Katherine had again to feel that she was alone—this time she might have said, deserted.

Mr. Villars wrote that very day to his nephew. He pressed him to come home, and said that Katherine had come to her senses about the folly of her imaginary vows, and that she desired no ambitious alliance, but was, in fact, the same Katherine as she was when not the possessor of Westerton and the accumulated lands and riches of the family.

When Kate came downstairs to dinner, she saw the letter on the hall-table. Her heart beat, and the blush flew to her cheek. Again there was hope.

A fortnight had passed since Mr. Villars' visit to the convent, and the day on which he was again expected there was come. He went there. His first visit was to Lady Emily, and he was made happy by the visible improvement that she shewed both in health and spirits. There was a pensiveness about her, less melancholy than interesting. She was no longer oppressed by her woe. She talked of Major Carminowe in a way which made Mr. Villars feel that he was himself distinguished by so tender a mark of her confidence: it appealed irresistibly to the affections. Mr. Villars was very thankful; and his own distress for the loss of his friend received that day its best consolation.

After this he went to Rachel. She was alone. Her dress startled him, and she remarked it.

"I shall, I hope, soon have done with the world," she said; "and as a first step towards the habit to which I aspire, I have adopted

the dress in which I first saw New Park. I am now in the mourning garb which I wore for my mother, till it was exchanged for garments more costly, and I might say, more suited to the unreality of my situation."

There was something strikingly calm and sensible about Rachel, and Mr. Villars felt his interest in her increase every moment.

"I shall speak to you alone at first," said Rachel, "because, to make things more clear, I must relate a few preliminary facts to you. When I come to the circumstances which have so grievously affected me, I shall desire the presence of Father Dennis and the reverend mother."

Mr. Villars bowed in acquiescence, and Rachel began her story.

"Not very long after my arrival at New Park, the attention of the household was directed to Joseph Reeves, in consequence of some peculiar wildnesses of character which he had exhibited. He was a clever young man. Lady Harris took great pains with him. She introduced him to me, and together we entered with all our energies into reforming his character. He attended our prayer-meetings, was constantly present at my expositions, and had frequent private instructions from Lady Harris and myself. He appeared to have become an entirely reformed character, and was looked upon among ourselves as a person of many talents and great excellence. His progress in the estimation of his friends at New Park was steady; and in about a year and a half after he had come peculiarly under our notice, he was recommended by Lady Harris to Mr. Jarvis as his schoolmaster, and also as his scripture-reader. From reading the Bible, he proceeded to expounding it. He was uniformly encouraged by Lady Harris, and instructed by me. He constantly consulted me on the meaning of different parts of Scripture, and on the best means of applying them. I frequently commended his application, and expressed admiration of his talents, and belief in the excellence of his character. You know that soon after this he began to preach in the meeting-house, which led to the building of the Sardis, the overthrow of the Anglican Church school, and the quarrel between Lady Harris and Mr. Jarvis. About this time I began to suspect that Reeves was not piously minded, but simply ambitious. I also suspected that he thought of making me a tool for his own aggrandisement. He thought to marry me. I have since understood that he made a confidant of Mr. Ridley Spouter, who first pleaded his cause with Lady Harris. Reeves, at all events, became an established favourite. You know the manner of his accompanying us abroad, and his extraordinary introduction into society. He often made me feel that he purposed to make me assist him in his rise. His manner was one of accom-

plished art. Before our departure from Rome, William Harris proposed to me. I felt all the kindness for him that his gentle disposition and amiable character demanded; but love, such as it is given to others to feel, I never felt; yet I desired to serve him faithfully, I intended him no wrong."

Rachel paused; the thought of the sorrow she had caused him grieved her in the recollection; and also the contemplation of the chain of circumstances which had led to her position at that moment, filled her mind with astonishment and gratitude. Mr. Villars did not speak. His manner had shewn the most perfect attention. He took her hand for an instant, and gently pressed it, to denote his interest in her narration. Rachel went on.

"When William mentioned his wishes to his mother, she saved herself from the distress of refusing her consent by pretending that I had encouraged Reeves. She succeeded. William left the house without seeing me, giving his mother a letter, on the answer to which his fate was to be fixed. She delivered this letter herself, and many things she said—Oh! how true they were!"

And Rachel paused again, and seemed to dwell thoughtfully and tenderly on the past.

"But the answer?" said Mr. Villars.

"The answer," answered Rachel, "was what she desired."

"And did you let William think that Reeves was preferred to him—or that you had encouraged both at once?"

"I do not doubt but that he does believe in one or both of those cases. I have never seen him since. When I wrote my answer, I did not know that he had ever heard of Reeves,—I supposed that that man's designs, as I had discovered them to be, were unknown to Lady Harris and to every one. I did not know what had passed—I knew only what Reeves's manner had betrayed to me. Lady Harris saved herself with her son, but at my expense."

"Base treachery!" ejaculated Mr. Villars; but Rachel went quietly on.

"I first learnt what Lady Harris's conduct had been through the candour of my friend Mrs. Newcome; I can never repay her and her husband's kindness."

"Pray go on, my dear friend," said Mr. Villars, "I am most anxious to hear the remainder of your story."

Rachel rose from her seat; "I will return in a few minutes," she said; and when she came back, Father Dennis and the good mother accompanied her. Almost as if she had not interrupted herself, Rachel continued her narration.

"I heard from Mrs. Newcome of Reeves and Lady Harris being in a position of mutual confidence which I had not suspected. I heard also that Reeves was in London, staying

with Mr. Ridley Spouter. I had determined to get my own living in some way: I did not wish to avail myself any longer of Lady Harris's bounty. The day before Mr. Newcome brought me to Waterton I had an interview on this subject with Mr. Jarvis. I remained about three hours at the vicarage. I wished Mr. Jarvis to place me in some situation, in which, under his authority, I could perform the works of mercy in his parish. I pressed him urgently, but he assured me that, in the existing state of things, it was impossible to accede to my wishes. I felt much disappointed. I had had some conversations with Miss Westerton on such subjects; I determined to go to the Hall, and tell her of my hopes and my disappointments. When I reached the Hall, I was told that Miss Westerton and her cousin had gone to the Parsonage. I took the high road again on my return, hoping to meet them. I knew that they generally went one way and came back the other, and that they had gone by the drive. I had got about half way on my return when I was met by Joseph Reeves. He said that he had only lately come from London, that he had been inquiring for me at the Parsonage, and had met me purposely. He kept me in the road, pressing his suit upon me earnestly. The evening was closing; I felt extremely alarmed at first, but at last my spirit rose; I felt goaded to desperation, and I upbraided and reproached him severely. He, on his side, mentioned William Harris to me. He had, he said, long seen William's attachment, but had purposely never shewn that he knew it. Lady Harris, he said, was now in his power, for that he could at any moment tell her son of her treachery, clear my conduct with William, and facilitate our marriage. This, he said, Lady Harris knew in her heart, and that, if others feared her, she was only his slave at last. He said that he was bent on marrying me; that he was soon going abroad, and would take me along with him as his wife. He said that *he had promised Lady Harris to do so*, for that she did not like to bring her son back to New Park while I was in the neighbourhood. And he said that he might soon return and claim what he liked of Lady Harris. He said also that he had learnt to admire me, and that it suited his own feelings to marry me. I was unable to get away from him, and he persecuted me more than I can describe. Driven to despair, I screamed aloud. Immediately he seized hold of me—I cannot express my terror—but at that moment another hand was upon me, and Reeves was struck to the ground. Major Carminowe had released me. A thick mist had been rising, and we could scarcely trace the rocky edge of the road which lay open on the Scour side. I sunk on the ground on the opposite side of the road, where the wood comes down; and,

from fright, felt for a moment deprived of all power to move. Major Carminowe reproached Reeves. He said that he would write to Sir James Harris, and describe the violence he had seen. He said that he was now convinced of what he had already suspected, that Reeves's character was not such as Sir James Harris or his son would approve; and that both should be made acquainted with his conduct. I guessed the effect that these words would have upon Reeves, who had risen from the ground, and was standing the picture of passion before Major Carminowe. 'I believe,' said Major Carminowe, 'that you are capable of any deception. You have no doubt deceived your patrons, as you cruelly deceived the good girl in your own station of life, who is now, happily, dead. What I have just witnessed has relieved me of all delicacy in speaking to your employers; begone, sir, and be thankful for such mercy as may accompany your disgrace.'

"These words had a terrible effect upon Reeves. He jumped forward, and closed on Major Carminowe immediately. In their struggle they got close to the brink. Reeves muttered something, and gave his body a violent swing."

Rachel pressed her hands strongly before her eyes. Her whole frame shook with emotion. "Possibly it was an accident. Merciful Lord! thou knowest; I cannot tell. Major Carminowe fell over the Scaur. He grasped at a large holly as he fell; the branch bent, and then gave way. I heard the body bound from one projecting rock to another. No one who heard that sound could have hoped that life would have been spared. No; we both knew that he was dead."

"I still lay shrinking against the bank. Reeves advanced to me. He looked deadly pale, and most terrible. 'Now, woman,' he gasped, 'you may try to hang me; but mark me, if one word transpires as to that man's death not being accidental, I do not wait to meet you in a court of justice. I go off—and *you with me*. Keep this secret; for if you do not, there are no bars or bolts on earth which shall keep you from me; and, living or dead, the witness of that deed shall go along with me.' In another moment he was gone. I returned to my home as well as I was able—the rest you know."

Rachel's tale was ended. Mr. Villars was the first to speak.

"You must be prepared to give this history elsewhere, Miss Meadows. I mean, as evidence on which to rest proceedings." Mr. Villars grew agitated, and, taking Rachel's hand, said, "Indeed I pity you—I feel for you; but I ought to tell you that this unhappy man may be tried, possibly even for murder, and that you"—But Mr. Villars did not go on, for Rachel had sunk upon her

knees, with an exclamation of agony which pierced the hearts of her hearers.

"Thy judgments are terrible!" she whispered, for all voice seemed gone; "yet give me grace to say, Thy will be done." Then suddenly seeming to regain her strength, she spoke with impressive energy to Mr. Villars.

"Oh, my friend, hear me, and remember. If you should ever have it in your power to turn the hearts of those on whose decision events must rest to pity, then recollect that blessed are the merciful."

"Why should *you* plead for that man?" he asked.

"Because," replied Rachel, "I was in a great degree myself the means of teaching him that fatal independence of all authority which, under the name of religion, led him into circumstances where, when tempted, he fell. I was as guilty as he was; and if, in mercy, there is given to me repentance, forgiveness, and peace, is not that reason sufficient for my pleading for him? Alas, alas!" she continued, "perhaps my temporal punishment may come in this terrible form. Oh, rather, far rather, would I give my life for his."

"We must do our duty," said Mr. Villars, in a voice of tenderness, as he approached Rachel. She made a gesture of submission.

"Can you answer me one word?" he asked. "Are you actuated by any dread of this man, in your intention of remaining here? I will give you a home; I will put you in circumstances where you can gain an honourable livelihood. I will never interfere with your religion. You shall live in a position of usefulness, and protected from all danger. Make an effort. Speak plainly to me, *now*, in the presence of those most likely to influence you. Speak openly; tell me the truth. I will give you all you need desire; you may continue a Catholic if you please, and you may come with me *now*."

Rachel had preserved her kneeling posture; but as Mr. Villars spoke she raised her head, and looked up at him with that brightly beaming expression that he had so often admired. Truth dwelt in the openness of her glance, and an innocent candour parted her lips with a smile.

"I have nothing to desire," she said, "for I possess all. You, my most true and liberal friend—you can only give me the alternative of my adversity; but here I have found what all my life I have been seeking, yet never seeking aright. The dreams of my innocent childhood, the hopes of my early youth, are all realised *now*—to be expended in thy service, O Lord; in love and obedience to live, in faith and hope to die."

"Let us praise God for such great grace," said the reverend mother.

Mr. Villars sighed, and turned away. But

the outpourings of a devoted heart, in gentle but fervent whisperings, followed him, and he lingered a moment to catch the ardent words, "Too late have I known thee, O ancient Truth! Too late have I loved thee, O ancient Beauty. Too long have I gone astray from Thee. From this moment, O my Sovereign Good, I desire to be for ever Thine. Oh, let nothing in life or death ever separate me from Thee any more!"

Mr. Villars heard to the end, and his heart could not forbear to say, "Amen."

He went away, and repeated the history he had heard from Rachel to Mr. Jarvis. Scarcely was the tale concluded, when Mr. Jarvis was sent for to attend a man at an inn at Westerton, who lay there in danger of death. A report spread about that it was Joseph Reeves. He was not personally known to the people of the inn, but they had sent for Mr. Jarvis, in consequence of hearing the injured man mention his name. And as, in his incoherent ramblings, he had mentioned the convent, they had sent there for the priest. Father Dennis, expecting to find some dying Catholic, had taken two of the sisters with him, and Rachel had accompanied them; and in the dying man she did indeed recognise Joseph Reeves.

After the last frightful interview with Rachel, he had returned to London, and now had been again on his way to Westerton, when he had been mortally injured by an accident which had occurred to the conveyance by which he travelled. Some hours necessarily elapsed before Mr. Jarvis could reach the inn, and when he arrived he found Reeves almost in the agonies of dissolution. The dying man certainly recognised him, but the power of speech was gone. By his bedside were Lady Emily Carminowe and Rachel Meadows; and their hands were administering to his comfort. Joseph Reeves lay perfectly still, and looking constantly from the one to the other. There was no expression in his eyes, but perpetually their glance passed from one to the other, resting a moment on each; and this constantly repeated survey seemed to bring some strange consolation to him, for if either moved, though but for a moment, he made an effort to turn his head to follow her. Once only was this painful state of things interrupted. Old Michael Tregenna, silently and sadly, glided into the room, and, affected to tears, knelt down by his bedside, and took his hand. Reeves gazed at him; made a strong effort to speak, but could not. Then he once raised his eyes to heaven, and closed them fast for ever.

Weeks passed away; and the autumn was approaching. Katherine and Mr. Villars were still alone at the Hall; for Lady Emily refused to return there, and was making arrangements to live with a widowed aunt of her deceased husband. Katherine had not heard any thing of Arthur, and she could not ask Mr. Villars

about him. But now Mr. Villars was come to her, with an open letter in his hand. It was from Arthur; he was coming home, but for a sad reason. Lady Harris was dead. Arthur had been by accident staying for a few days in the same inn with them; and now he was coming back with William, who was in too distressed a state of mind to travel without a companion.

Newcome had written a true account of all things as they had occurred to William Harris, and had entirely disabused his mind of false impressions relative to the departed Reeves and Rachel Meadows. William had thus become aware of the double part his mother had acted. Great misery had existed between them. Lady Harris's violent passions had long been injurious to her bodily health; she had sunk under this last contest, and had died in consequence of a fit, from which happily her mind had recovered, but not her body. Many affecting scenes occurred in the last few days of consciousness; so much so, that Sir James was ever afterwards heard to declare whenever he spoke of his wife, which was not unfrequently, that the late Lady Harris had been, without any exception, the most humble-minded being that had ever lived, besides being the most extraordinary woman in ability and accomplishments that he had ever even heard of. Sir James always continued to think of her in the character of the high-spirited, handsome, gifted creature, to whom he had timidly proposed, and by whom he had been almost unexpectedly accepted; whose life had been one of uninterrupted good works, and her end of holy edification. Lady Harris was most regretted by one she had systematically neglected: that one was her husband. It was a happy accommodation of sentiment.

And the time was come when Katherine and Arthur Sturton were to meet again. Her spirits had been so reduced of late, that she really dreaded the interview. Mr. Villars was gone to the Manor House to receive him, and she was alone at the Hall. The day on which Katherine thought that Arthur would call, she desired Michael to shew all visitors into the drawing-room, while she occupied the library herself. But when Arthur appeared, Michael ventured to exercise the discretion of a confidential servant; he was sure Miss Westerton would be so glad to see Mr. Sturton, and so immediately conducted him to her. Kate was surprised. The suddenness of the meeting embarrassed Arthur. He stood irresolute, and she annoyed and confused; till, too disconcerted to rally, she burst into tears. We do not know how long this scene lasted, but it must have ended more satisfactorily than it began, for that night Mr. Villars prayed for blessings on them both, and holding a hand of Katherine and of Arthur, thanked God for his dear children.

Will the reader excuse us for passing over six months? At the end of that time, if he had looked into the library at the Vicarage, he would have seen William Harris there, the acknowledged and accepted lover of Ellen Jarvis. It had just been settled, and William had been the bearer of a letter to Mr. Jarvis from his father, expressive of Sir James's great satisfaction in the alliance. Sir James could only hope that his son might find in Ellen as excellent and exemplary a wife as he had been blessed with in that very extraordinary woman the late Lady Harris, of whom he never liked to lose an opportunity of speaking as she deserved. She was certainly possessed of the most transcendent abilities, the soundest religion, and the humblest mind that he had ever met with; and Sir James took that opportunity of asking Mr. Jarvis's permission for putting up a monument in Westerton Church recording the extraordinary virtues of the lady his daughter was now to succeed at New Park.

Of course Mr. Jarvis could do no other than consent; and as Sir James provided the inscription, a more than poetic justice was done to the lamented lady. It has been said of the inscription, that many read it till they

believed it—who would choose to remember with bitterness, if they could yield to be so amiably deceived?

Jane Newcome had heard the news of her cousin's engagement, and she told Rachel. It was the day on which Rachel had received the novice's white veil. Before this happy day she had placed in a box all the articles of value, consisting chiefly of jewellery and books, which she had received from Lady Harris and Sir James. She now sent them to Ellen; and the day of William's marriage, Sister Mary Angelica—such was the name taken by Rachel—received a letter containing a cheque for two thousand pounds. The letter was from Sir James Harris; and in it he took great shame to himself for never having thought of securing her independence before. He had now, he said, been indebted to his son for reminding him of what he felt to be nothing short of his duty; and Sir James begged Rachel to forgive him for having neglected her, which, he said, would not have happened if that very extraordinary woman Lady Harris had been alive, whose remarkable cleverness and recollection of every duty was only to be equalled by her humility.

Reviews.

NEWMAN ON THE SOUL.

The Soul, her Sorrows and her Aspirations: an Essay towards the Natural History of the Soul as the true Basis of Theology. By Francis William Newman, formerly Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. London, Chapman.

THIS Essay is a fresh illustration of the identity of Protestantism with Infidelity, if not with absolute Atheism. It is the most recent proof which the English press has furnished, that thinking men, who are resolved to test the foundations of their religious belief, almost invariably end in denying the truth of Christianity as a revelation of doctrine to the soul of man. Mr. Francis Newman has long been known to every one familiar with the history of Oxford for the last quarter of a century as a man of brilliant abilities, independence of judgment, and amiable and correct private character. He has also been always remarkable for a disinclination to systematise his opinions, to follow them out to *all* their legitimate consequences, and to reject those which were radically inconsistent with his general system of faith. Perhaps no man of equal capacity ever entertained a more extraordinary and heterogeneous medley of views at one and the same moment, or to an acute perception of what was hollow, deceitful, and absurd in others, apparently united so imperious an unconsciousness of the logical impos-

sibility of reconciling the various portions of his moral, philosophical, and theological creed.

As a young man he tried Church-of-Englandism to its basis, and found it wanting. He saw that the structure was a mass of unspiritual patchwork, and that it was raised on a foundation of sand, which only endured for a while because there was no storm to scatter it to the four winds of heaven. Through various stages of unbelief he then gradually progressed to that condition of feeling in which he has now for some time remained. One by one every article of positive belief gave way in his mind, until he fancied that he could stay himself from tumbling headlong into the abyss of Atheism by grasping at the phantom of philosophical Christianity, which it is now the fashion to proclaim as the last new discovery which man has made concerning God and eternity. A short time ago we noticed Mr. Morell's attempt to give scientific form to this futile hypothesis,* and shewed that of all the absurdities to which shallow minds ever devoted themselves, there never was one more untenable than this modern notion, that Christianity is really a divinely given religion, and yet that it reveals no doctrines at all. Mr. Newman's belief, or rather his unbelief, is identically the same with that of Mr. Morell,

* *Rambler*, Part 17, May 1849.

though the natural turn of his mind, and his mode of conducting his arguments, are as different as well can be. The fundamental truths and errors to which both writers adhere are, however, the same; and they are equally exponents of that philosophy which is rising up in all quarters among intelligent Protestants, and which is destined ere long to swallow up every remnant of revealed truth which yet lingers in the separatist world.

The great truths which Mr. Newman has got hold of are, the essential difference which exists between an intellectual knowledge of theological doctrines and that inward religion which brings the soul into contact with Almighty God, and the utter impotence of what are called the *proofs* of definite Christian doctrine, whether as a system or in detail, on any intelligible grounds which Protestantism can bring forward. His great errors are, first, a belief that, because theological knowledge and religious faith are different in their nature, therefore no theological knowledge whatever is to be accepted as necessarily true, however cogent the logical proofs on which it rests; and, secondly, a total ignorance as to what the Catholic religion really is, and of the answer which *she* gives to all that modern scepticism so unanswerably throws in the teeth of dogmatic Protestantism.

The whole of the Essay before us is an expansion of the two truths we have named as possessing the mind of the author. Irregular and rambling in its treatment, and dealing far more in statement and illustration than in lucid exposition and proof, it is nothing more than a series of brilliant and pointed thoughts struck off by an earnest, tender-hearted, and, in a certain sense, pious and conscientious mind, overwhelmed with a sense of the difficulties of Protestantism, and keenly alive to the follies and hypocrisies of the age in which he lives. Such as it is, it well deserves the study of those who are called to confront the growing scepticism of the times. By those whose minds are well armed by a really profound insight into the whole nature of religious belief, it may be read not only with interest and pleasure, but with profit. To others its perusal will be the more mischievous the more it is agreeable; and its only result will be to shake their confidence in what they do believe, and in its place to offer them—*nothing*.

Mr. Newman differs from many other modern sceptics in being far more practical in his references to religious duties and exercises than is common in the class to which he belongs. In truth, it is one of the most painful features in his book, that it displays the workings of a soul destroyed by the acuteness of its own perceptions, and writhing under the torments of self-imposed fallacies, while, at the same time, it seems to long for something that is pure, deep, peace-giving, and divine. Unlike

another recent sceptical writer from Oxford, Mr. Newman appears to have a profound sense that sin is an awful reality; that, in some mysterious way, it cleaves a fathomless gulf between the soul and its God; that in a repose upon the bosom of the Omnipotent and All-Merciful the soul can alone find bliss and satisfaction; and that so long as the flesh governs the spirit, and the heart is given to the world, that repose is in the very nature of things an impossibility. Hence there is nothing radically coarse and disgusting in his speculations, crude and dreadful as they are. He seems to have caught glimpses of the exquisite purity and beauty of the spiritual life, as he certainly has gained a far clearer insight into certain great truths in its moral character than is usual among Protestants of any denomination. There is scarcely a page in which he does not seem to be on the point of grasping some great Catholic principle, or of solving the enigma which baffles him. Each sentence seems to neutralise the rest; and we are astonished that any person so highly gifted should yet be so miserably unable to harmonise the various opinions which he upholds, and virtually contradict himself almost in every other paragraph he utters.

This fatal inconsecutiveness in Mr. Newman's mind appears to be the root (not to touch on the moral cause, whatever that may be) of all his scepticism. It is really incredible to what an extent he refutes himself and answers his own difficulties, if he would only give fair play to his convictions and carry out his statements to their consequences. For instance, in a note at page 182, we find him saying, "Can I go to the supreme Judge and tell him that I deserve more happiness (in the next life) than He has granted me in this life? Whither is the logician's common sense or self-knowledge gone?" Again, in another place, he writes, "There is nothing whatever in human wickedness, *however intense and whatever misery it causes*, to inspire rational doubt of the Divine goodness." Yet no language can serve Mr. Newman to express his abhorrence and indignation at the idea that the future punishments of the wicked are eternal! Oh, how humiliating is it to the pride of human intellect to behold this marvellous incapacity to reason fairly and consistently! How strange to see the same man who revolts from arraigning the justice and mercy of God when he sees his fellow-creatures steeped in anguish from the hour of their birth to the hour of their death, though perhaps they are among the *least* sinful of their species, yet blind to the fact that he is thus presuming to judge the Judge of all, when he protests that the doctrine of the eternity of future suffering is so accursed and damnable that it *cannot* be true! That it is an awful, a terrible, an agonising doctrine, we grant,

indeed; but to say that it cannot be true because God is all-merciful, is as monstrous and presumptuous as it would be to laugh at the cries of an infant in bitter pain, on the pretence that, as it never sinned, a merciful God could not inflict torture upon its innocent being. How is it that Mr. Newman does not see that his belief in the goodness of God, "*whatever be the misery*" He inflicts on sinners in this life, is utterly inconsistent with a denial of the eternity of suffering? Both the one punishment and the other are incomprehensible; we cannot reconcile them with our personal feelings and ideas. To our own intellect it is shocking and horrible to behold the vast mass of mankind lost in sin and tortured with anguish from the cradle to the grave; and to think that such will be their eternal portion is only *more* shocking and horrible; it is no more impossible than the present state is impossible; and when this latter is an undeniable fact before our eyes, in the name of all that is honest and true let us not pander to our sensibilities at the expense of our reason, and pretend that future punishment *cannot* be eternal because it is contrary to the mercy of God.

With a like unconsciousness of the irreconcilableness of his separate opinions, Mr. Newman writes as follows in his first chapter, "On the Sense of the Infinite."

"It is, however, right here to enter a protest against being thought to have any accurate and scientific knowledge of God. We have none. Our knowledge is essentially crude and only approximate; and to affect the rigour of human science is mere delusion. We attribute to God those properties of mind with which we are acquainted,—will, design, forethought, and others; but it is unreasonable to imagine that we can at all more accurately sound His mind, than a dog the mind of his master. Hence religious knowledge, from the nature of the case, is essentially popular; and if the scientific mind has any advantage over the unscientific in prosecuting it, the advantage is not in the direct perceptive powers of the soul and in any greater fulness of knowledge, but, negatively, in avoiding vulgar prejudices derived from false lights. Intellectual cultivation, as such, is here purely critical and destructive. If this essential imperfection in our knowledge of God be admitted, an important corollary follows; namely, that no long deductions, following logical (that is to say, verbal) processes, can be trusted in theology. Such deductions imply full accuracy in the verbal premises. Inference may guide our thoughts to new beliefs; but we need to discern the results directly, and not merely to depend on our syllogisms, if we are to have the full confidence of practical truth. What mathematician will trust to a refined and lengthy process of argument, depending on empirical formulas? In hydraulics and pneumatics, where the first principles are only approximately known, it is requisite to keep close to experiment, and verify every speculative inference by practical trial. A system of theology, constructed like a treatise on mechanics, by fine-drawn reasonings from a few primitive axioms of experimental laws, is likely to be nothing but a sham science."

Now let us in all earnestness call the attention of the writer of these sentences, pregnant with such momentous consequences, to their real meaning. Most truly do we agree with him

in asserting that by nature and by the arguments of natural theology (as it is termed) we have no accurate and scientific knowledge of God. All that can be *known* of Him is what St. Paul expressly states to be within the domain of purely human theological science, "his eternal power and divinity." Of ourselves we can only discover that there *is* a God, that He has resistless power over us, and that He existed from all eternity—and there we end. That man should therefore lay down laws as to what this incomprehensible Being shall do or shall not do; that we, who are baffled at every step we would take into the region of the infinite, should draw a line and circumscribe the will of Him of whom all we know is that He is our God; that a wretched helpless spirit, like the soul of one of us, cramped up in the prison-house of a diseased and decaying frame, should draw out a scientific system in which it should be accurately ascertained what Omnipotence could accomplish or could not accomplish, is of all follies the most foolish, of all deceptions the most insolent and audacious.

Yet here is Mr. Newman attempting to solve the awful mystery of human life and destiny, on the supposition that it is an incontrovertible axiom that God *cannot* make known certain definite intellectual propositions respecting his own acts and nature, on such grounds as would make it rational to believe them, because he sees that an intellectual knowledge and belief in such propositions often exist apart from all actual *communion* of the soul with God as her God. Was there ever a more gratuitous assumption than that which pervades the whole of this Essay, to the effect that God has no means for communicating a clear, rational, and intelligent conviction in the truth of such dogmas as that of the Holy Trinity, the Incarnation, or the Real Presence, in the present state of metaphysical and moral science? Why, let us ask Mr. Newman, is it a fallacy to believe that, at a certain past period in the history of our race, God communicated certain definite intellectual propositions to the understandings of the apostles, who had as clear a knowledge that they were not deceiving themselves in resting in these propositions, as literally true accounts of the nature and acts of the Almighty, as we now have of any moral or mathematical truth whatsoever? Is Mr. Newman prepared to maintain that God cannot communicate any accurate and scientific knowledge of Himself to His creatures? If he admits that God *can* do this, then we ask of him, as he admits that Christianity is not an imposture, *what* it was that constituted Christianity *a religion*? Let him tell us distinctly what he means, when he says that St. Paul was, in any sense whatever, inspired. Was he inspired in any different sense from that in which Mr. Newman

may consider himself inspired? If St. Paul knew any thing at all about God, where did he get his knowledge, and how did he separate between this true knowledge and the delusions of his own fancy? And further, if we now have no means for ascertaining clearly what that knowledge was, how is Christianity any blessing to us, or any thing better than a mockery and a snare? Let Mr. Newman furnish us with an explanation of the fact, that the Bible *seems* to be overflowing with distinct dogmatic statements, while on his theory it really contains nothing that we are to trust in as certain, and yet is not a lying fable.

In the passage we have quoted, Mr. Newman further draws attention to the truth, that in hydraulics and pneumatics, and all physical sciences, "where the first principles are only approximately known, it is requisite to keep close to experiment, and verify every speculative inference by practical trial." He also asserts that no long deductions, following logical (that is, verbal) processes, can be trusted in theology. Let us ask him, then, whether he is ready to maintain, that if in theology the very same verifying processes be rigorously pursued which are accounted amply sufficient in physical science, we are still to remain in our unbelief, and refuse to trust to our logical deductions? Should we not think a man mad who denied the existence of the law of gravity, because it rests upon no infallible mathematical axiom, although it has been experimentally tested millions upon millions of times? Do we not as confidently believe and act upon the deductions of the physical sciences, when they *have* been verified by practical trial, as if they were proved by the strictest mathematical syllogisms?

Here, then, is the serious charge we bring against Mr. Newman,—that in those things which concern the soul and God, he refuses to believe the testimony of those who have thus practically verified the logical deductions of dogmatic theology, and adopts a system which would be scouted as insane in physics by every person out of a lunatic asylum. It is a doctrine which is ingrained into the very heart of Catholic faith and morals, that Christian knowledge is *not* like mathematics—that it requires the very same personal verification with the inexact sciences; and that while no other system of morals or metaphysics will stand the trial, but, like the old Ptolemaic system of astronomy, breaks down under the force of experiment, Catholicism endures under every test, and the more thoroughly and consistently it is tried in action, the more convincingly does it commend itself to the whole spiritual and intelligent nature of man, as neither more nor less than a positive revelation of the realities of the invisible world. We ask for nothing more than this. We take our stand on the very same principles on

which the whole edifice of modern science is built up. We acknowledge that our proof, previous to trial, is not a mathematical proof; and if any one on this account at once is disposed to reject it, we say that no religion *can* commend itself by mathematically certain arguments; and therefore, they who demand such a proof must remain infidels or atheists for ever. But at the same time we invite a personal trial. We bid the inquirer ask those who have made the experiment themselves, and mark the moral and spiritual results of Catholicism upon Catholics, that is, upon Catholics who really *act* upon their belief. That its truth and purifying and elevating influences are not to be comprehended or admitted by Catholics who do not *try* its powers to the utmost, is of course natural, just as the hypothetical laws of physics can only be tested by those who clearly comprehend them and actually put them to the trial. But let Mr. Newman and other philosophical minds subject it to a fair experiment, if not in their own cases, at least by inquiring at the hands of those who have tried it. Let them apply to any Catholic who possesses the same qualification for the task as would be demanded from a trustworthy scientific experimentalist; to one who is, first, a consistent Catholic, taking the Catholic faith as it is, and acting upon it; and who is, secondly, sufficiently familiar with metaphysical study, and a sufficiently accurate observer, to be able to describe in intelligible terms the results of his observations;—let them do this, and then they will have some right to decide the question between dogmatic Christianity and this newly devised scepticism. Until then, we shall not hesitate to brand the whole class to which they belong as the most presumptuous and the most unphilosophical of speculators who ever deluded mankind with the cant of science.

If we might guess as to the one theological doctrine to which Mr. Newman's mind is most averse, we should say it was the doctrine we have already alluded to respecting the eternity of future misery. His disbelief of every thing positive seems to *begin* with this. He perpetually recurs to it, and he repeatedly speaks of it with a more than ordinary irritation of feeling. Argumentatively, his reason for disbelieving the dogma appears to lie in his assertion that the infinite cannot flow out of the finite—a statement as false in one sense as it is true in another. Doubtless, a finite being cannot create that which is infinite, whether in power, extent, or duration; but if the infinite is never to flow out of the finite, in the sense of being its result or reward, then is an eternity of bliss as impossible as an eternity of woe. If Mr. Newman intends to assert that the Saints will not be blessed for ever, let him speak out like an honest man; but let him not delude himself or others with the idea

that punishment *cannot* be eternal, because sin is the work of a finite being, and lasts but a brief space, while he admits that holiness, equally the brief work of a finite being, is to be followed by never-ending joys. Let the whole question be argued on rational grounds; it is preposterous to argue it on *à-priori* probabilities, or on the dictates of human susceptibility. Reason can prove neither the eternity of bliss nor of agony; it is simply a question of evidence, whether *God* has told us the one doctrine or the other. The sceptic's denial of the eternity of punishment on grounds based upon his own natural ideas of the nature of God and of sin, is as ridiculous as Plato's grammatical proofs of the immortality of the soul, which Mr. Newman very naturally thinks absurd.

We have said that while Mr. Newman very satisfactorily exposes the hollowness of the whole Protestant system of Evidences, and laughs at the idea of a parsonic conversion of the masses to practical Christianity, he is totally unconscious that there is a Catholic idea of evidences fundamentally different, and in every respect modelled upon that apostolic pattern, which, strangely enough, he applauds and admires. The following passages will shew how accurately he has discerned the intrinsic hollowness of the popular idea of Christian faith and Christian teaching, whatever be the hollowness of his own belief:

"If we form an *à-priori* conception of the genuine champion of the Gospel from the New Testament, we shall say, that he is girt with the only sword of the Spirit, the living word of God, which pierces to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart. In his hands it is as lightning from God, kindled from the Spirit within him, and piercing through the unbeliever's soul, convincing his conscience of sin, and striking him to the ground before God; until those who believe receive it, not as the word of man, but as, what it is in truth, the word of God. Its action is directly upon the conscience and upon the soul, and hence its wonderful results; not on the critical faculties, upon which the Spirit is powerless. Such at least was Paul's weapon for fighting the Lord's battles. But when the modern battle commences, what do we see? A study-table, spread over with books, ancient and modern; a gentleman consulting dictionaries and grammars; referring to Tacitus and Pliny; engaged in establishing that Josephus is a credible and not a credulous writer; inquiring whether the Greek of the Apocalypse and of the fourth gospel can have come from the same hand; searching through Justin Martyr and Irenæus, in order to find out whether the gospels are a growth by accretion and modification, or were originally struck off as we now read them; comparing Philo or Plotinus with John or Paul: in short, we find him engaged (with much or little success) in praiseworthy efforts at local history, criticism of texts, history of philosophy, logic (or the theory of evidence), physiology, demonology, and other important but very difficult studies; all inappreciable to the unlearned, all remote from the sphere in which the soul operates. And are these abstruse arguments the powerful and living word of God? Is it not extravagant to call inquiries of this sort 'spiritual,' or to expect any spiritual results from them? * * *

"What means *now* the declaration, 'Unto the poor

the Gospel is preached?' and what the boast,—'I came not unto you with excellency of speech, or of man's learning?' For concerning our modern Evidences, the poor and the illiterate cannot possibly judge, and the preacher cannot preach unless he is learned: so entirely has the Gospel shifted away from its primitive basis. And then, can we wonder that it is wholly bereft of its power to convince unbelievers?

"Another important result of this unscriptural and unspiritual system is seen in the Christian ministry. A minister in modern days is expected to excel all others in what are called Theological accomplishments. Theology, one might have thought, was the science of God; but no: it is the sciences of Biblical Interpretation and Historical Criticism. A person eminent in these becomes a Doctor of Divinity,—*Sanctæ Theologiæ Professor*. And yet these are topics in which a man might obtain high ecclesiastical renown, though his conscience were seared and his soul utterly paralysed. Though by courtesy called spiritual, the knowledge is simply secular; and an immediate result of it is, that *youth*, however unspiritual, if only the critical and logical faculties have been developed, steps into the chair of the Christian teacher, and becomes ecclesiastically higher than *age*, however spiritually exercised. Christianity has been turned into a Literature, and therefore her teachers necessarily become a literary profession. Previous to ordination, they may be subjected to some literary ordeal, they may also be required to profess orthodoxy and to be morally respectable; but this is all that can be attempted in a public system. Thus in result, a national clergy cannot be expected to excel ordinary Christians in any spiritual qualities, but only in learning. How, then, can they be expected to exert any high spiritual influence? Many Dissenters imagine that this evil is caused by the union of Church and State; but the same evils appear in their academies and churches: naturally not so glaringly, and yet in substance as truly. Age and spiritual experience are, with them also, subordinate to critical cultivation; and plainly because, with them also, Christianity is become a literature.

"How opposed this is to every thing in primitive Christianity, not Paul alone testifies. By every writer of the New Testament it is manifestly presumed that the historical and logical faculties have nothing to do with *that* faith which is distinctive of God's people. Every where it is either stated or implied that the soul or spirit of man is alone concerned in receiving or rejecting God's revelation. Unless we can recover this position, we have lost the essential *spirit* of apostolic doctrine; and then, by holding to the *form*, we do but tie ourselves to a dead carcass, which may poison us and disgust mankind.

"To keep and to get historical faith are different problems. He who has been educated in it and never has lost it, throws the burden of disproof upon others: he believes, till some refutation is shewn him. Hence mere indolence of mind suffices to keep him in his father's (historical) faith: and without any such indolence, he is generally kept in it, if he have any keen feelings of the spiritual glories of Christianity. But if a man have no historical faith; if he was born a heathen or a Jew, or has cast off all reverence for his national Christianity, from seeing so much hypocrisy and worldliness in it, and knowing nothing of the good;—then he casts the burden of proof the other way; he disbelieves, until somebody shews him valid reason for believing things marvellous and beyond his experience. Is now the reader blind to the signs of the times? It is *absolutely impossible* to recover the tens of thousands who have learned to scorn Christian faith, by arguments of erudition and criticism. Unless the appeal can be made directly to the conscience and the soul, faith in Christianity once lost by the vulgar is lost for ever: what could the very chiefest of Apostles do to bring it back? They never converted one soul by learned proofs addressed to the logical intellect; and why should we dream that they would attempt it now, or

could succeed? If we continue to do as we are doing,—if no action of a totally new kind is set up,—the present course of affairs must go steadily forward, but with accelerated velocity, in proportion to the increase of mental sharpness or physical destitution: a real, black infidelity will spread among the millions,—an infidelity of the soul to God, of the heart to virtue,—until the large towns of England become what Paris is. And as for the cultivated and philosophic, what else will they become but simple Pantheists? acknowledging intellectually a plastic spirit, or as it were life in the universe, but just as ignorant of that inward life with God, which has been the great animating principle of Christianity and of the highest Judaism, as if they were avowed Atheists."

How much of profound truth there is in this, those can well attest who have ever studied the relationship between the Protestant teacher and his people, and the possibility of converting the unprejudiced poor into believers in any form of Protestantism. Many and many is the time that we have experienced the deepest disgust at the impostures which well-meaning men have unconsciously practised upon the intelligence of the unlearned, and the nonsensical grounds on which they have essayed to force a dogmatic Christianity upon minds utterly incapable of comprehending the professed proofs presented to them. It is a mournful spectacle to witness an argument between an acute half-sceptical mechanic and an "Evangelical," or "High Church," or "Puseyite" teacher. Degrading it is, indeed, to the very name of Christianity, to behold the pious frauds which one after another come forth from respectable and moral lips, and the sophistry with which a baseless creed seeks to thrust itself down the throat of those who have at least the power to perceive that, whether true or false, it is offered to them on reasons which common sense spurns and derides. How have we mourned—half in pity, and half in indignation—to think of the humbug of that reasoning with which Anglicanism and Dissent in all their modifications would fain enthrall the intellect of the poor and the timid, to a system of doctrines for which they have no proofs whatsoever to offer, but such as are rotten to the very core. And deep in proportion has been our gratitude to that boundless Love which has placed in the hands of the Catholic Church a power to move, to convince, and to win the hearts and souls of every class among men, not at the expense of their reason and judgment, but by a course of proof which is as philosophic in principle as it is efficacious in practice, and which is the very counterpart and continuation of that apostolic system of teaching which such men as the writer before us in vain attempt to recall.

We have thus indicated the elements of Mr. Newman's views. We have not space to enter into them more in detail, or to inform our readers of all the points in popular Christianity which he vehemently assails. It is enough to say that he has reduced his own

belief to a *minimum*, and that with a little more consistency he will deny that the soul has *any* hopes beyond the grave, and that the holy Scripture is a whit more deserving of respect than the Koran. He goes beyond the common run of Socinians, in denouncing the observance of one day of rest in the week as a curse rather than a blessing, while he still clings to one vital truth which we would hope may even yet rescue him from the gulf into which he has plunged: he still holds that *prayer* is both a privilege and a duty, and that it is not a mere self-deceiving device for stimulating one's own mind, but is an actual asking of blessings from God, which God both hears and answers. So far as we can perceive, this is the only truth which he in any real sense believes. At the same time, if he himself acts upon the views maintained in other portions of his book, it is clear that he would only pray when fancy and strong excitement of inward feeling prompted him.

We conclude with an extract from one of his better passages, in which our readers will recognise that peculiar faculty of delicate observation, and of perception of the springs of human action, which is one of Mr. Newman's most agreeable characteristics:

"Human characters have often been distributed into two great classes, which may be called *masculine* and *feminine*. In the masculine, are stronger and coarser passions; self-confidence somewhat overbearing; more promptitude to act and more unflagging energy; deeper conscience and more prominence of the idea of duty; high ambition to achieve right; warm and rich love, of gushing impetuosity. In the feminine, are pure and gentle instincts; strength more passive than active; slowness to act, except when affection moves; a heart that guides to duty and to right, but thinking of it not as duty and as right, but as that which is lovely; finally, a love which is tender, transparent, and steady. Of course there may be intermediate characters. Yet if we contrast the two more concisely, thus: the *former* (partly from ambition and partly from the activity of the conscience) is impelled to action before the affections are fully ready for it; the *latter* is little moved by a sense of duty, and is satisfied not to act until impelled by affection:—then the two characters exclude one another. And this is perhaps a view suitable to our present purpose.

"Where conscience predominates, there the struggles described in the last Part may be apprehended; especially if to this be added an ardent ambitious nature. Exactly in such natures other passions also are apt to be strong: hence the man is a bundle of forces not yet in harmony; and the harmonising of them is probably attempted by direct conflict before love comes in to reconcile them. The more feminine character probably avoids struggle, not by any strength of love, but by the unformed state of the conscience and delicacy of the passions; for powerful love to God can in very rare instances be developed so early as to anticipate conflict. Many persons of masculine soul, nevertheless, by severe sorrows, especially from the deaths of those whom they love, are in great measure moulded into the feminine type; and possibly this is the most perfect character. But at present I confine myself to the other.

"There are those, of amiable natures and soft affections, perhaps also very susceptible to natural beauty, who appear to approach religion altogether on its sunny side. They see God, not as a strict judge, not as a glorious potentate, but as the animating Spirit of a

beautiful harmonious world, beneficent and kind, merciful as well as pure. The same characters generally have no metaphysical tendencies: they do not look back into themselves. Hence they are not distressed by their own imperfections; yet it would be absurd to call them self-righteous, for they hardly think of themselves *at all*. This childlike quality of their nature makes the opening of religion very happy to them; for they no more shrink from God, than a child from an emperor before whom the parent trembles: in fact, they have no vivid conception of *any* of the qualities in which the severer Majesty of God consists. He is to them the impersonation of kindness and beauty. They read his character, not in the disordered moral world of man, but in romantic and harmonious nature. Of human sin they know perhaps little in their own hearts, and not very much in the world; and human suffering does but melt them to tenderness. Thus, when they approach God, no inward disturbance ensues; and without being as yet spiritual, they have a certain complacency and perhaps romantic sense of excitement in their simple worship.

"It is not by a lucky accident that their early course is so tranquil. It arises out of the fact that their crude views of God are really more true than those of the opposite character. He is *not* a stern judge, exacting every tittle of some law from us. There is *nothing* in Him to terrify the simple-minded. He does *not* act towards us (spiritually) by generalisations which may omit our individual case, but his perfection consists in dealing with each case by itself as if there were no others. In short, only the primitive ruder notion concerning Him is the stern one; that of the riper

spirituality testifies to his infinite love. Now it deserves remark, that, quite in accordance with this, women come more easily to pure religion than men. In fact, men are accustomed to deal with affairs of life on a great scale, where (by reason of *our* infirmity) fixed general rules are essential: hence come men's notions of abstract justice, in which the judge is forced to sacrifice his personal feelings to some law *external to himself*; an idea which they erroneously transfer to God. But women act in detail, and judge of each case for itself and by their own feelings. So again, all moral rules are a generalisation; hence conscience, which bids us observe such rules, implies generalisation: but women do not generalise much; they rather seize on particulars. Therefore they are less liable to be tormented by a conscience which (on some abstract principle) lays more on them than their affections can bear. But chiefly, it is important, that men deal much with their equals, and have to stand out for their rights; hence the sharpness with which the idea of justice and right is stamped upon them. But women are chiefly concerned with unequals; with a husband above them and children beneath them; and in younger age of course equally so. Thus affectionate obedience and tender mercy are prominent with them; and they carry these sentiments into their religious relations. Moreover, as young women are not subject to passion in the same coarse forms as young men, their temptations are probably weaker, they wound their own consciences less, and their religious course is far smoother. On the whole, we may well admire the instinct which made the old Germans regard woman as penetrating nearer to the mind of God than man does."

LOYOLA AND JESUITISM.

Loyola: and Jesuitism in its Rudiments. By Isaac Taylor. Longmans.

[Second notice.]

MR. TAYLOR divides the second part of his work into five chapters—on the "Spiritual Exercises," on the "Letter on Obedience," on the "Constitutions," on the "Purport of the Jesuit Institute," and on Pascal and his "Provincial Letters." Before examining his views on all these points, we must express our cordial satisfaction at meeting with any single writer who thus adopts a tolerably fair and sensible mode of procedure, in forming his opinions upon the Society of Jesus. Nothing can be more reasonable than to take what Mr. Taylor calls the *canonical books* of the Society, and from them to search for the sources of its strength or its weakness, its holiness or its corruption, as the case may be. So far our author stands out in pleasing contrast with other anti-Catholic writers; and so far the natural result has followed, that he approaches much nearer to a correct idea of the truth for which he searches than is commonly to be met with, even in Protestants of great learning, ability, and candour.

If he has failed in mastering the real spirit of the Society of Jesus, and of doing adequate justice to its immortal founder, it is because the study of their "canonical" books is but one step in the right direction. It is but one condition out of four, all of which are absolutely necessary for enabling a man

to judge them as they are, and not as they are misrepresented. Mr. Taylor has omitted, in the first place, to place himself in communication with living Catholics, in order to inquire of them an explanation of a large variety of questions, both general and detail, without which it is ridiculous to pretend to estimate the working of any system in which men are the agents. He shares, we are sorry to find, that childish disinclination to associate with the only persons who could give him the information he needed, which is one of the most fruitful causes of the foolish anti-Catholic lucubrations that daily issue from the English press. He takes up a preface written by Dr. Wiseman, which might have sufficed to convince any person of ordinary sagacity that it would be absurd to write a book about the Jesuits without personal communication with Catholics; but it seems never to have crossed his mind that Dr. Wiseman lives in a very accessible part of London, and is neither a wild beast shut up in a menagerie, nor a curious antiquity shelved in a museum. He writes as if there were no such living creatures as Catholics in this land, or as if it was as much out of his power to get at them as to pay a visit to the monarch of Timbuctoo; whereas a few lines to ourselves, or to the editor of any Catholic periodical, would have opened to him every source of information that he could possibly have desired. Consequently, his remarks on the actual results of

the system of St. Ignatius, on the Spiritual Exercises, on the Constitutions, and on the nature of Catholic and Jesuit obedience, are almost wholly beside the mark at which they aim. They are based on radical misconceptions, and on deductions from ill-understood phrases, rent from their context, and viewed apart from the meaning which they have in the minds which employ them. What would Mr. Taylor have said to a writer who undertook to expound the whole system of English medical and surgical practice, who yet never took any physic in his life, who never even cut his finger, who was not acquainted with a single surgeon or physician, who never entered a hospital or a sick-room, and whose whole knowledge of his subject was derived from the study of the London *Pharmacopæia*? Yet this is precisely the conduct he has himself pursued. He knows nothing of Jesuitism from those sources which alone can preserve him from most grievous misunderstanding of the few books he has really studied.

In the second place, Mr. Taylor manifestly has no acquaintance with any but a few notorious casuistical writings of the followers of St. Ignatius. He seems not to be aware that the Society has produced an immense multitude of books, on almost every subject on which the human mind can be employed, including practical and devotional works, very many of which are known and fondly cherished wherever the Catholic faith is received. If he had possessed even a slight acquaintance with the contents of this gigantic Jesuit library, he would have seen what was really the practical result of that system of obedience which he rightly conceives to be the main-spring of the Society. He would have had some means for ascertaining whether it did in truth imply that abdication of the moral and intellectual rights and duties of humanity which he conceives it to involve. He does not himself pretend that in the case of the first companions of Loyola there are the faintest signs to be perceived of any such moulding of the individual character into a forced, unnatural, and unholy mechanism. So far from it, with a glaring inconsistency, he tells us at one time that the despotism of Loyola was universal and unbending; that he always ruled, and never obeyed; and at another, that it is impossible to decide how much of the actual Jesuit system and Constitutions resulted from the influence of keener intellects than his own. And so he would have found that in his followers of later ages, while a certain definite uniformity of type is impressed upon them in certain particulars, and while the rule of obedience has ever survived in all its pristine energy and power, at the same time in what may be termed the individual peculiarities, tastes, opinions, and modes of thought of the members of the Society, there exists every

conceivable variation. The knowledge of the facts of the case would have wrung from him an admission, that while the operation of the Society, both as a whole and in its parts, is steadfast, animated by one spirit, and directed by one authority, its individual members play their parts as men, and not as machines; and that there is no one faculty which God has given us to exercise freely which is not exercised as freely by every individual Jesuit as by Mr. Taylor himself.

The third and most serious deficiency in our author's means for forming a correct judgment is to be found in his low and earthly ideas of the spiritual state to which man is called by the Gospel of Jesus Christ, and of the nature of that dependence which we are warranted in placing upon the promises of holy Scripture. Mr. Taylor's standard is essentially a worldly standard; his religion is that of men of the world, elevated and purified, so far as such a thing can be elevated and purified; but it is not the *Christian* standard. With him faith does not take the place of sight; spiritual affections are little better than modified earthly affections; human intellect is the measure of divine power; and those things are to be counted great, influential, glorious, and trustworthy, which are least out of harmony with the course of secular prudence and the experience of modern civilisation. Hence it is that St. Ignatius, with all Mr. Taylor's assumption of superiority and all his philosophical criticisms, is an unexplained enigma to him. Occasionally he has the candour to admit that he cannot give the *rationale* of the phenomena he records; occasionally he has the coolness to suggest an interpretation wholly unwarranted by facts; but whether he is candid, or uncharitable, or inconsistent, or vehemently indignant, still the truth appears, that the mystery of Loyola's life and motives cannot be fathomed by any line and plummet which Mr. Taylor has at his command. We can only regret that he seems to be himself unconscious of his failure, and has not risen from his study of the Society of Jesus with a conviction that there is many a truth in metaphysics, in history, and in Christianity, which he has yet to learn.

A striking instance of the working of these defects in Mr. Taylor's book is to be found at the very commencement of his chapter on the Spiritual Exercises. We quote the passage at length.

"The book entitled *Exercitia Spiritualia* was, as to its rudiments, if not more, the earliest produce of Loyola's mind; nor is it on that account merely entitled to the earliest place in an examination of the documents of his Institute; for it has always been regarded by the Society itself as the nucleus of the system, and has been made use of as the text-book of initiation: in truth, it might be designated, not unfairly, as the Bible of Jesuitism. The most approved Jesuit writers have not hesitated, in terms more or less distinct, to claim for it the sanction of inspiration; and a living writer of

the highest repute, in commending a translation of it to the English public, does not seem to shrink from such a supposition; although the adroit use of a parenthesis saves him from the necessity of plainly avowing his own conviction in this particular. 'It is a plan,' he says, (that laid down in the *Spiritual Exercises*) 'framed by a master-mind (unless we admit a higher solution), capable of grappling with the most arduous and complicated task.'

"Loyola, as we have seen, required every one of his early colleagues in turn, and not excepting those of them who were far his superiors in accomplishments and in general intelligence, to pass regularly through the course of discipline which this book prescribes; and from that time to this, it has been the door, and the only door, into the Society. Moreover, it is enjoined upon those who, not intending to become members of the Society, but seeking only their personal advancement in piety, wish to place themselves, for a time, under the spiritual direction of a Jesuit father, that they should submit themselves to this course.

"In the *Directorium*, or book of instructions for those whose duty it may be to superintend the initiatory discipline of candidates, and which was drawn up, digested, and sanctioned by Loyola's successor Aquaviva, the '*Spiritual Exercises*' are held forth as of primary authority and utility, and as of universal application; and in the '*Constitutions of the Society*,' the same place of primary importance is assigned to them. We are bound, therefore, to regard this book as containing, what the Society declares it to contain—namely, the very substance, or germinating rudiment of Loyola's Institute. Wonders of moral cure have been accomplished by it, we are assured, in the course of three centuries; and similar wonders are formally warranted to result, invariably, from a due use of it still, if employed under an authentic direction. As sure is it to produce its result—that is to say, an entire conversion from sin to holiness—as sure, even in the most desperate instances, as is Euclid to bring every rationally constituted mind to one and the same conclusion. 'The mind may struggle against the first axiom, or rather demonstrable truth, in the series; but once satisfied of this, resistance is as useless as unreasonable; the next consequence is inevitable, conclusion follows conclusion, and the triumph is complete. The passions may entrench themselves at each step behind new works; but each position carried is a point of successful attack upon the next, and grace at length wins the very citadel. Many is the fool who has entered into a retreat to scoff, and remained to pray.'*

"No book whatever, perhaps, could be named which would so much surprise and disappoint the natural expectations of a reader who, entirely uninformed of its contents, should open it with some vague conception of its purport, engendered by the title, and by a knowledge, not very exact, of the character and temperament of the writer. The '*Spiritual Exercises*' of St. Ignatius Loyola! a Spanish devotee of the most ardent temperament—a man whose tears of joy and penitence flowed like a perennial brook—the chivalrous champion, too, of 'the Blessed Virgin';—a man of habitual ecstacy, and who was favoured with visions the most extraordinary. What, then, shall be the '*Spiritual Exercises*' of such a saint, composed at the very moment of his first fervours in the religious life?

"The very contrary are they of what it is so natural to expect. There are to be found in this book no rhapsodies, no outbursts of devout feeling, no imaginative revellings in scenes of paradisiacal pleasure: there is in it no enthusiasm, no fanaticism, no presumptuous intrusion upon the mysteries of Heaven: nothing in it is expanded, nothing is elaborated, in the way of description; the book is enlivened by no eloquence, is deepened by no pathos. There is in it nothing savouring of Dante, nothing even of Bonaventura; nothing of St. Bernard, nothing of St. Basil, nothing of Thomas à

Kempis:—nothing after the fashion of the modern mystics.

"The '*Spiritual Exercises*' is simply a book of drilling; and it is almost as dry, as cold, and as formal as could be any specification of a system of military training and field manœuvres. But is it, therefore, a book to be contemned, or to be hastily glanced at? This will not be thought by those who know what has been its actual influence within a society like that of the Jesuits. If, indeed, we may believe that the world will outlive, not Jesuitism merely, but every scheme founded upon analogous principles, and if this book shall still be preserved on the shelves of the antiquary, it will be looked into with equal amazement and perplexity. Strange will it seem that it should have been attempted, or even conceived of as possible, to bring into existence a permanent religious condition—a condition embracing all the compass of the most intense theopathy, by the means of a drill-book of mechanical devotion—a drill-book to be got through with in so many days—in twenty-eight! Strange that it should have been thought possible to connect any such mechanism as this with the heaven-born freedom of the Christian system; and how strange that such an attempt should, to so great an extent, have been successful! The philosophers of a future time will perhaps attempt to unravel these perplexities by recurring to the fact, first, that the influence of Romanism, through a course of ages, had been a preparation of the human mind for yielding itself to a scheme of this very kind; and then, that this scheme, mechanical as it is, and diametrically opposed as it is to the *spirit* of Christianity, does nevertheless work up, and does avail itself of, some potent rudiments of the Gospel. And how potent—how omnipotent these are, is strikingly shewn in instances such as this, where the merest fragments, when thus incoherently brought together, still retain so much vitalising energy, and fail not to sway and to vanquish the human spirit.

"But we are told that this *Novum Organon* of piety, whatever we may think of its contrariety to human nature and to Christianity, has always proved itself effective for its purpose—that it *uniformly and infallibly* yields the result intended to be accomplished by it. Take it in hand, submit yourself without reserve to the process (under a proper direction); and although you be a heretic—a very Luther, although a leper in moral depravity, you will come forth, at the month's end, or let it be in six weeks, orthodox in belief, and holy in heart and life. Methods of cure applied to the body may indeed fail, and they do fail, through the malignity or the inveteracy of the disease; but *this* method of cure, if duly applied to the soul, fails never!"

Now there is not a Catholic in these realms who would not see at a glance that this mixture of acuteness, sense, and petty folly is the consequence of an entire misconception of the subject Mr. Taylor is criticising. He scoffs at the idea that a spiritual retreat—no matter how admirably conducted by the director—is *certain* to work a beneficial result upon the soul. For let it be observed, that our author's witticisms on the subject of quacks, bottles, railways, and so forth, are not suggested by the hypothesis that the doctrine and morality of the *Spiritual Exercises* is anti-christian. Much as Mr. Taylor objects to in their details, these supposed faults are not the groundwork of the attack immediately before us. It is the supposition that *any* course of meditations, instructions, and prayers will infallibly prove a spiritual blessing to those who undertake them, which excites his anger and his ridicule. Mark, then, the alternative to

* Preface to the *Spiritual Exercises*, by Dr. Wiseman.

which Mr. Taylor is reduced. He has either scandalously omitted the most important element which belongs to a good retreat, or he denies the efficacy of the word of God to cleanse the soul. But for an occasional phrase or two, which would seem to imply otherwise, we should conclude that he actually imagines that Catholics attribute a converting and spiritualising efficacy to the Exercises of St. Ignatius, without the slightest regard to the sincerity and perfect devotedness of will with which they are entered upon. He would have it supposed that we believe, that if all Newgate or Bridewell were emptied into a few dark rooms at Stoneyhurst, and subjected to a course of the Exercises, like a course of cold water, or a course of calomel, the result would be the conversion of the reprobates to a life of exalted piety. Or, not to put so strong a case, he thinks that we say, that a cold-hearted, worldly-minded Catholic has but to put himself *under* a Jesuit doctor for a week, and to come out—a saint!

Was there ever a more disgraceful perversion of a writer's words than this? Does Mr. Taylor truly imagine that Dr. Wiseman was really such an egregious goose as to palm such nonsense upon the world; or that if he was, intelligent and pious Catholics would be such simpletons as to believe him? If not, why did he not take the trouble to inquire whether he had not mistaken the meaning of the words in question? Why did he deliberately *get up* this showy, flashy declamation against the Spiritual Exercises, in place of pursuing the same conduct which he would have adopted in any instance in which his own worldly interests had been at stake? We assure him that the theory of Catholic retreats which he here broaches is unheard-of among Catholics; that there is not a Catholic of moderately good character who would not laugh at the very notion. Without the co-operation of the heart and will of the penitent, the Spiritual Exercises are a curse rather than a blessing. If at such a time there is any double-dealing with Almighty God; any striving to reconcile the claims of God and mammon; or even any lowness of aim, any lukewarmness and hesitation about giving all we have and all we are to Him who created and redeemed us; then we look for no benefits whatsoever from the method we are adopting for the cure of our souls' diseases.

But if Mr. Taylor was conscious that such is the intention and meaning of those who exalt the virtues of these retreats, what is the alternative, but that he doubts and disbelieves the fulfilment of our Saviour's promises to his Church? We cannot deny the efficacy of a course of meditations and prayer like the Spiritual Exercises (except on the supposition that they are contrary to the truths of Christianity, which is not the ground of Mr. Taylor's

objections), without flying in the face of the reiterated assurances and commands of the Scriptures, both of the Old and New Testaments. Does God *always* answer prayer, when coming from a thoroughly sincere and self-consecrating heart, or does He not? Is it a matter of revelation, or no, that a soul who fixes her thoughts steadfastly upon the great truths of religion,—sin, death, judgment, heaven, hell, the life and sufferings of Jesus Christ, the mercy of God, and such other subjects as the Exercises bring before the mind,—is taking means for her own spiritual advancement which *must* work her a blessing? Is it true, or not, that a thief, or a drunkard, or a lost woman, who addresses to Jesus Christ those very prayers which the Spiritual Exercises put into our mouths, uttering them from the depths of a sincere heart, will *infallibly* be converted from sin to grace? Has Dr. Wiseman gone a hair's-breadth beyond the promises of our blessed Lord, when he has spoken most strongly of the efficacy of these prayers and meditations? Such minds as Mr. Taylor's, the victims of a philosophy of common, worldly sense, may deride as they will the certainty with which the spiritual physician promises a cure; but as we have a full faith that what Jesus Christ has promised always to perform, that He always will perform, we shall continue to assert that, "as a matter of course," they who *rightly* employ the Spiritual Exercises, will derive from them all those blessings which to Mr. Taylor's scepticism seems so incredible.

Again; Mr. Taylor frequently writes as if the Spiritual Exercises were chiefly confined to occasions when a person was making up his mind as to his future state of life, and from thence takes occasion to criticise them as being a sort of cunningly devised engine to induce people to become Jesuits. He is clearly not at all aware of the extent to which they are in use throughout Catholic Christendom, or of the circumstance that they form the groundwork of the vast majority of spiritual retreats conducted by secular priests, or by members of other religious orders besides the Society of Jesus. Had he taken the pains to inform himself, he would have learnt, that for one person who goes through such a course of prayer and reflection with the intention of deciding whether or not to enter the Society, there are a thousand to whom such an entrance would be an impossibility, from the state of life in which they are already fixed. He would have known that there is not a Catholic College, whether lay or ecclesiastical, where the boys and young men do not enter such a retreat for a few days every year; that a much longer retreat is gone through at intervals by all the inmates of every convent and monastery; that no one takes orders, or advances a step in the minis-

terial office, without such preliminary preparation; that, where circumstances permit, every parochial priest retires from his duties annually for a season for the same purpose; and that lay persons, married and single, rich and poor, when leisure and opportunity can be found, are frequently in the habit of taking the same means for their advancement to Christian perfection.

In one place, where Mr. Taylor is dilating upon this misconception, we find the following sentence of melodramatic eloquence: "The Spiritual Exercises open this path to the conscious victim; and they take hold of a spirit already awe-stricken and tormented with that indecision which precedes an act which is far more terrible than would be a suicide." If this means any thing, and is not a kind of minor-theatre clap-trap for the open-mouthed reader, it means that a man who enters the Jesuit noviciate, and in the end becomes a Jesuit, puts himself into a state worse than would result from *suicide*. Now we do not know what may be our author's notions upon suicide, its causes, its guilt, and its consequences; but whatever they are, he clearly thinks it something shocking. Let us, then, suggest to him the propriety of his testing the justice of the comparison he has here drawn, by making the acquaintance of a few of these suicidal individuals, that he may see whether the miserable and wicked state of their minds is precisely such as he must have anticipated. Let him inquire of any boys who have been so unfortunate as to be brought up by these self-destroyers, whether they were thus impressed with a sense of the utter horror and misery of being a member of the ill-fated Society. Or if he cannot conveniently visit a Jesuit house, let him go to *any* convent, whether of monks or nuns, not as a controversialist, but as a friendly visitor, and mark the hideous traces of the accursed monastic vow in their melancholy countenances and their disconsolate repinings. Let him devise some means for taking the inmates by surprise, that he may see them as they are, unrestrained by the presence of a Protestant. Let him pass himself off for a Catholic—for as Catholics never keep faith with heretics, why should heretics keep faith with Catholics?—and see how they long to be back again in the world, how their vow galls and frets them, and how forcibly they remind him of *suicides*! We shrewdly suspect, that if Mr. Taylor would adopt some such plan as this, before his *Loyola and Jesuitism* reaches a second edition, he would tell another tale to the glib Protestant world.

Mr. Taylor severely criticises what he calls the *sensuous* character of the Spiritual Exercises, meaning thereby the rules they give for enabling the mind to recall the events of our blessed Lord's life, and the inhabitants of the

invisible world, as realities, and not as ideas. It is well known to be a feature in all perfect Catholic "meditation," that when practising it, we endeavour by an act of the imagination to be as it were bodily present at the scene on which we reflect. We transport ourselves from the place where we are sitting or kneeling, and behold Christ on the cross, or in the house of Lazarus, or raising the widow's son, or at his Father's hand in glory; we try to conceive ourselves actually before his judgment-seat, or entering purgatory, or paradise, or hell; and so with every other topic of our meditations. And those who have read the Spiritual Exercises, and are acquainted with the history of the subject, know that St. Ignatius takes especial pains to enable us to carry out this method with ease and vividness of mental painting, and also that the art itself—so to call it—was carried to a higher degree of perfection under his guidance than at any previous period in the annals of the Church, so far as her records tell.

In connexion with the 13th rule of the Exercises, we find Mr. Taylor making these reflections:

"When mute submission is professed to the decisions of the Church on points of doctrine, nothing more is tendered than the surrender or abeyance of the *opinion* of an individual, to what is regarded as an authority more valid or trustworthy than can be any individual judgment. But something altogether different must be intended when the individual pledges himself to declare, against the unchanged and unchangeable evidence of his senses, that white is black. There is much meaning in the promise so to *pronounce* white to be black: but a profession of readiness to *believe* it would be devoid—we should not say of sincerity or honesty, but—of all intelligible import. No sense whatever could be assigned to the words in which *such* a promise might be conveyed. Here, then, we find what is the value of the Jesuit profession of accordance with the Romish Church: it is an engagement in all cases to *affirm*, after the Church;—as to personal convictions, they are not pledged or implied."

When will the day arrive when those who reject our creed will at least comprehend what it is? When will men of sense in secular things cease to talk nonsense in spiritual things? How is it that the human understanding, in its Protestant development, is unable to master the idea, that when a Catholic professes to believe what his Church says, though it appears to be false to his own judgment, he really means what he says, and not what he does not say? When I profess to believe the judgment of an authority which I consider more competent than myself to ascertain what is true, and accordingly submit my private opinion and belief to its *dicta* as *true*, am I to be told that with one breath I am asserting that to be black, which with another breath I protest I *know* to be white? What I do is this; I reject what *appears to me* to be true, and take up what I *know is true*, on the judgment of a better authority than myself. If I start with a general belief that whatever *appears to me*

to be true *is* true, then indeed such a profession would be a self-contradictory absurdity; but when I start with the belief that my own judgment *may* mislead me, but that the judgment of the Church *cannot*, it is not folly in me, but a necessary logical deduction, when I reject what I myself should otherwise think true, because that authority which I consider infallible takes the opposite side. Whether I am right or wrong in thus supposing it possible that the Church may be correct while I am in error, is another question; but when I *have* decided that the Church is infallible, it is manifest folly in me to trust myself, whom I do *not* consider infallible, rather than her whom I *do* so regard.

We hasten, however, to that portion of Mr. Taylor's remarks which perhaps more than any other exhibits his inability to grasp the master idea of the Society in its fulness and truth. The doctrine of *obedience*, as practised in all religious orders, but with such singular intensity of will in the Society of Jesus, naturally attracts a considerable share of Mr. Taylor's attention; while at the same time his failure in understanding what that "obedience" was and is, nullifies the whole series of his deductions, and makes his elaborate philosophising a mere waste of words. We shall quote a long passage from his chapter on the "Letter on Obedience," that our readers may see for themselves the mode in which minds like Mr. Taylor's are confounded by the phenomena of Catholicism; and also because, erroneous as are the views he promulgates, his principles of inquiry are so much superior to the foolish cant which prevails in the world on the subject of Jesuitism, that they are quite worth the study of Catholics who desire to know under what aspects the Church is regarded by those Protestant thinkers who are above the vulgar herd.

"The most obvious of the objections to which this Letter is liable, is the outrageous misuse which is made throughout it of the leading term—OBEDIENCE. The Jesuit is taught that he is to yield himself to the will of his superior—*perinde cadaver*; and because the idea of a corpse is naturally associated with a recollection of the faculties and powers that had belonged to the living man, the absurdity of attributing to the lifeless body a quality which could attach only to the man is a little veiled from our view. Nor can mischief arise from the illusion, if it belong only to a loose, metaphoric style; but when it comes to be worked up in a stringent form, as a rule of practice, the enormity of the sophism reaches a pitch beyond all power of estimation. To talk of the obedience of a staff in the hand, or of the obedience of a corpse, is a sort of fantastic nonsense, which would be quite undeserving of criticism, if it had not long and extensively been employed in sustaining a pernicious practice.

"Loyola, who had conceived the idea of a factitious condition of the moral and intellectual man, suited to his purposes, could find no term fitly conveying that idea, simply because the condition itself being monstrous and contradictory, it has had no name assigned it in any language: it is a nihility, equally impracticable and inconceivable; it is a triangle of four sides.

Nevertheless a moral term must needs be selected, and Loyola, himself deluded, more than intending to delude, called his chimera—OBEDIENCE.

"By a license of speech—pardonable in cases where no consequences result from it—we employ the word so improperly, as to say that the sculptor's chisel obeys his hand; but it would be an insufferable affectation to use the abstract term *obedience*, in such an instance, as if the tool were consciously fraught with a moral quality. Nor may we stretch the proprieties of speech so far, as to apply the abstract term even to the hand of the artist: the hand, it is true, obeys the mind; but how jejune would it be to commend the hand for its *obedience*; and scarcely less so to speak of the obedience of a well-trained horse, although, by an admissible analogy, we say he obeys the hand and leg of his rider. The fiery, yet obsequious animal, while yielding himself to the will of his rider, knows nothing of obedience, because his nature does not include that moral liberty which is the source and soul of the virtue so named.

"The very phrase 'passive obedience' is a pedantic solecism, which has been tolerated too long; and when it is attempted to define and describe this obedience as that of a corpse, or of a walking-stick, then the outrage so committed upon language and upon common sense is beyond endurance. The same peremptory objection holds good against every attempt, under shelter of a variation in the terms, to give currency to the like absurdity. 'Unconditional obedience'—'obedience—as a holocaust of the intellect, as well as of the will,' and the like, are phrases utterly absurd in philosophy, and of pernicious import in morals: with equal propriety might we commend the devotion of a zealous messenger who, before he set out on his destined journey, should amputate his feet, and offer them to his employer, as evidence of his willingness to acquit himself of his task!

"The base obsequiousness of a debauched mind may indeed impel an inferior to offer to his master what is called 'passive obedience'; and a reciprocal baseness in the master, or his ignorance, may induce him to accept, and to avail himself of, so nefarious a tender. But it is manifest that he who yields to a being like himself that which the Lord of all refuses to accept, is devoid of a due sense of the nature and grounds of moral obligation.

"Loyola did not violate the proprieties of language until after he had, within his own mind, misapprehended and distorted every notion of morality and religion. What it was which he needed in the agents who were to give effect to his polity, he saw clearly enough; but he did not see that this condition was, in the sense in which he thought of it, a thing impossible; and that, so far as it might, in any sense, be possible and practicable, it is fatal to the conscience; and not less so to the understanding. It may be said, that a man who freely enters a community is free in doing so to make over, or to mortgage, as well his bodily agencies as his mental powers, to its service, receiving in return what he is contented to regard as an equivalent: if we grant this, and it can be conceded only in a sense strictly limited, it can never be conceded that a man is at liberty to sell his soul to another. A selling of the soul, whether it be the entire surrender of present and future well-being, or imply only what is indeed less tremendous, but not less immoral—a consenting to the abdication of some one or more of the faculties of our moral and intellectual constitution,—is a transaction which nothing can warrant.

"If suicide be a crime—and who but the atheist questions this? so would be the amputation of a limb, for no surgical reason; and so would it be a crime and a frightful impiety, to swallow a drug for the purpose of effecting a paralysis of one side, or the extinction of a sense—of sight or of hearing. But is not man's individual mind and conscience, with its involuntary convictions of truth and virtue, a faculty and an element of human nature? is not the understanding—is

not the intuition of first principles, an ingredient of our nature? Is not the freedom of the will a sacred bestowment, which every responsible being has received from his Maker? What shall a man accept in exchange, either for his soul, or for any one of its elementary prerogatives? Neither his soul, nor any of its powers, is really at his disposal; for not only are these powers in themselves beyond all price, but if a price could be adduced that should be their equivalent, in whole or in part, the offer could not be listened to—the proposal is a blasphemy; and it is a blasphemy in the intention, notwithstanding that such an intention could never actually be carried out.

"It is on this ground, apparently, that Loyola deluded himself so strangely, and thus led his Society unconsciously into, and left it in, the deepest quagmire of religious perversion.

"His mind was penetrating, but, as we have said, not philosophic: the Letter before us exhibits a profound adroitness in the management of human nature, but not the clearness or straightforwardness of a soundly constituted understanding. He does not seem at all alive either to the immorality of the scheme he was digesting—for he insinuates no apology for it—nor to the illusory quality of the transfer that is made when it is attempted to buy and to sell individual conscience and intellect. The most obvious truths on this ground he did not recognise;—such as that the human soul may be lost, but that it cannot either be sold, or be made a gift of to another; that conscience may be bound, or may be slaughtered, but cannot be transferred to another's keeping. He did not know that moral responsibility, instead of being shifted entire from one to another, or instead of being shared between two, each taking a half or a proportion, is doubled whenever it is attempted to be transferred, or to be deposited, or to be pawned.

"An utter forgetfulness of these first principles of morals, or an entire ignorance of them—an ignorance chargeable in great measure upon the system under which Loyola had been trained—vitiates the Jesuit Institute throughout, and shews itself portentously in the 'Letter on Obedience.' Need it be proved that no man can require of another, and that none can render or promise to another, that which God himself neither requires nor will accept from his intelligent creatures? Spiritual authority on earth, even if it were indisputably sanctioned, surely can never surpass in its requirements the powers and requirements of Heaven. Shall the vicar extort that which the principal would reject, if offered to himself? We may be certain that it is not Christ, the rightful 'bishop of souls,' but that it must be the tyrant of this world, who is used to ask from men what is theirs to give—their consciences.

"Whatever mystery may attach to the moral system under which we are placed, this at least is clear, that the Creator, rather than resume, or recall, his gifts of intellect, conscience, and free will, leaves these faculties, in the individual, and in the race, to run—when misdirected—to the most awful extents of mischief. Men, endowed with understanding, and with a moral sense, are in no instances saved from the fatal consequences of a misuse of these endowments, by a *resumption of them*. And thus too, within the sacred and narrower precincts of that spiritual economy of which the Church is the scene, neither the perpetuity of truth nor the purity of morals is secured by any divine interposition, such as might interfere with the natural liberty of the human mind: therefore it is that the Church, not less than the world, has exhibited in its history, from age to age, the multifarious products of erring intelligence and of wild free will.

"How striking, how appalling even, is the contrast that presents itself when Loyola's doctrine of corpse-like obedience is compared with the tone, the style, and the intention of God's dealing with men, as displayed in the Scriptures from first to last! While contemplating this contrast, one is compelled to say, these two styles must issue from different, or rather from *antago-*

nist, sources. Throughout the inspired volume men are persuaded; they are reasoned with, they are entreated, they are urged, they are threatened, they are encouraged and invited; but never is a blind submission of the intellect asked for, never does authority set its foot upon reason. Illumination, guidance, right influence, are promised to those who would be led heavenward; for which promise there could be no room, if that kind of compulsion were employed which infringes the individual liberty of man. If the 'Father of spirits' dealt with human spirits as Jesuitism deals with its ministers, the use and meaning of three fourths of the Bible would be superseded; nay, a single page might contain all that could have any meaning in the message of God to men.

"Shocking is this contrast; and the more so the more one considers it. Instead of the blind passivity of a corpse, or the mechanical subserviency of a tool, that which God himself invites, and that in which He will take pleasure, is the uncompelled, undamaged duty, love, and service of the entire man: the mind informed; not 'immolated,' not crushed, but nobly consenting to do its part in that service which is 'perfect freedom.' That which Heaven accepts must come from the healthful energies of the heart and soul. Mutilated of any faculty, abridged in any degree of its liberty, maimed, shackled, palsied, the 'living sacrifice,' if it might be a fit offering for the altar of a demon, could never be a 'holocaust' which the wise and benignant Creator would regard as an acceptable oblation."

Now, clever, brilliant, and plausible as is all this, it is entirely beside the mark. Mr. Taylor is fighting a man of straw; he is exhausting himself in beating down a phantom conjured up in his own brain. The obedience that Jesuits practice is *not* the obedience against which he hurls the weapons of his wrath and satire. He is misled by a word, deluded by a phrase, and driven wild by a mistranslation of a Latin sentence. Had he availed himself of the proper sources of information to which he might have had recourse, he would have learnt that Jesuit obedience is simply *military* obedience, and that it no more involves an abdication of our duties as intelligent and personal responsible beings, than the obedience of a captain to his colonel, and of a colonel to his commander-in-chief, is such an abdication. It is an obedience in *action*, and in action alone; and so far as it requires an inferior to submit his private opinions, or his judgment of what is fitting and right, to a superior, it is based on the identical principles on which every army and every fleet are governed in every nation upon earth. Mr. Taylor wholly misconceives the object which the union of individuals in a religious society like that of the Jesuits is intended to accomplish. It is not designed to mould the characters and views of its individual members to one fixed, unchanging type; it aims at action, and only requires its members to yield their personal views to the commands of a superior, in order to attain a faultless unanimity and an unbroken discipline in its operations. It makes two stipulations, and two stipulations only, with those whom it admits into its ranks; they must be unhesitating Catholics, believing all that the Church teaches in doctrine, and ac-

cepting all she commands in morals; and in every detail of personal conduct, *where the Church has not laid down any positive rule*, they must with an equally unhesitating readiness obey their superiors in the Society.

And here let us remind Mr. Taylor, that when the individual Jesuit is thus bound, first of all, to obey the Church, he is bound in the whole circle of Christian duties. The Catholic system of morals is not a thing whose limits are not known, and in which every man can have his opinion as to what rules of right and wrong the Gospel has really enjoined. Catholic morality is a system which embraces the entire range of human passion, feeling, and action; all it leaves open are certain nice cases of casuistry, in which the Church has declared nothing, and in which, of course, her children will always differ in their individual opinions. Consequently, the obedience which the Jesuit superior can exact from an inferior must be an obedience in matters of *expediency* alone, in which case it is childish to call it immoral or sinful for a man to give up his own judgment to that of another whom he has undertaken to obey. Mr. Taylor cannot possibly be so absurd as to say, that when the colonel of a regiment leads his men on to a point of attack, which in his own judgment is by far the most ill-chosen that could have been hit upon, because the commander-in-chief has so ordered it, he is "abdicating the faculties of his moral and intellectual constitution." When he entered the army, he bound himself by the articles of war, as solemnly and as absolutely as the Jesuit who binds himself to obey his general. If he is thus forced to act against his own better judgment, he cannot help it, though he never bound himself to do that which is positively *forbidden* by the laws of God; just as the Jesuit never binds himself to do what is thus forbidden, yet on every other point undertakes to act with that identical *active* obedience which, on the ground of St. Ignatius' incorrect metaphor—"perinde cadaver,"—Mr. Taylor converts into *passive obedience*, and which he has expended so much energy in shewing to be a contradiction in terms.

The Protestant world may rest assured that Jesuits are not slaves; that their obedience is an obedience in which every moral and intellectual faculty is exercised with the most ardent energy; that, despotic and soul-enthraling as it may seem to the lookers-on, it is, as a matter of fact, accompanied in innumerable instances with as much burning enthusiasm, and as perfect a development of all the peculiarities of the individual character, as are to be seen in any other class of men upon earth. In fact, its results are precisely similar to those which follow from the system of a well-governed army or navy. To the civilian, living in self-satisfied independence by his fireside,

the very thought of the discipline of a man-of-war, or a body of soldiery, is appalling. We start at the thought of an officer leaving his home, his wife, and his children, at four-and-twenty hours' notice, to cross the ocean and fight some thousand miles away from all he holds most dear; but as we are capable of using our common sense in secular affairs, however much we might ourselves dislike such a duty, we never think of calling it a sinful or an unlawful act. It is only when the sensible Englishman hears that Father Rylo has suddenly been summoned from his exalted office in Rome, to depart instantly and preach the Gospel in the interior of Africa, there to meet an almost certain death, that we shrug our shoulders with the true Protestant grimace, and mourn over the wickednesses of a society which can thus hold the free spirit of man in a despotic iron sway.

In treating on the Jesuit vow, Mr. Taylor falls into the common error in mistranslating a very important clause, which thus is made to strengthen him in those very misconceptions which it would otherwise have corrected. He thus renders a part of the vow of obedience:

"Above all things is it necessary that all surrender themselves to a perfect obedience; acknowledging the superior, be he whomsoever he may, as standing in the place of our Lord Jesus Christ; following him in inward veneration and love; and this (exhibited) not merely in an exterior fulfilment of his commands, entirely, promptly, vigorously, and with a due humility yielding obedience without excuses or murmurings, although such commands be of difficult execution, and repugnant to natural feelings; but moreover, that they strive, as to the interior, to cherish resignation, and to practise a true abnegation of their own will and judgment; conforming their will and judgment to that which their superior wills and thinks in all things (wherein sin is not perceived), proposing to themselves the will and judgment of their superior as the rule of their own, whereby they may the better be conformed to that supreme rule which is in itself eternal goodness and wisdom."

To the unsophisticated understanding, this vow plainly states that no obedience is required where the party from whom it is expected perceives the act commanded to be sinful. Upon it, however, Mr. Taylor makes the following reflections, accompanied by what he doubtless believes to be a correct translation of a subsequent portion of the vow:

"The rule of obedience, as we have seen, admits a parenthesis; a saving clause, in regard to the tender conscience of here and there a scrupulous member. Obedience is to be blind, unless sin be manifest. The Jesuit is to close his eyes, and is to hold them closed; and yet he is, by aid of some other sense, to get notice of the presence of sin, should it at any time be involved in the commands of a superior. An explanatory rule, bearing upon this delicate case, is as follows. Whether it amounts to an entire nullification of that liberty which the parenthesis seems to grant, let the reader determine for himself:

"Although it is the intention of this Society that all its constitutions and declarations, and its rule of life, should be undeviatingly observed, according to the Institute; yet it nevertheless desires to tranquillise, or at least to guard the minds of all its members from the

danger of falling into the snare of any sin, owing to the obligation of these constitutions and ordinances. Therefore it hath seemed good to us in the Lord, with the express exception of the vow of obedience to the Pope for the time being, and the other three fundamental vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, to declare that none of these constitutions, declarations, or rules of life, shall make obligatory any sin, whether mortal or venial, unless the superior may command it in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, or in virtue of the vow of obedience; and this he may do whenever and to whomsoever he may judge it conducive either to individual good or to the universal well-being of the Society. Thus, for the greater glory of Christ our Creator and Lord, instead of a perpetual fear of sinning, is substituted love, and the desire of entire perfection."

The inimitable absurdity of which the author or authors of this vow would have been guilty, if its meaning was what Mr. Taylor supposes, is palpable to the simplest understanding. In order to quiet tender consciences, and diminish the occasions on which the Jesuit may be tempted to disobey, he is taught to believe that what he knows to be sinful is not sinful! By way of making all things tend to "the greater glory of Christ our Creator and Lord," and in order to the substitution of love and the desire of entire perfection in the place of a perpetual fear of sinning, the Jesuit is taught that the superior may, whenever he thinks fit, "*make obligatory any sin, whether mortal or venial!*" Marvellous, indeed, are the obliquities of the human understanding, when any person above the grade of a crazy clown can suppose that by such means as this the sensitive Christian conscience could be lulled and gratified. If the vow meant any thing at all, as Mr. Taylor renders and interprets it, it meant this: that the superior may abrogate at will the whole code of Christian morality; and yet we are taught to suppose that this vow has been taken by thousands and tens of thousands of men who have encountered poverty, persecution, and death, in every quarter of the globe, among civilised and savage races, in order to make men Christians!

How is it that Mr. Taylor could not see that his reasoning is a *reductio ad absurdum*? Why did he not ask some Jesuit, or Catholic priest or layman, whether he was correct in his translation of the vow? He would have been told that the words, "*nullas constitutiones, declarationes, vel ordinem ullam vivendi, posse obligationem ad peccatum mortale vel veniale inducere, nisi superior ea in nomine Domini nostri Jesu Christi, vel in virtute obedientiae juberet,*" mean as follows: that, with the exception of the duties of obedience to the Pope, of poverty, chastity, and obedience, none of the constitutions, declarations, or any rule of life, is to be regarded as so binding upon the conscience, as that their infraction would be a violation of the vow, or in any sense a sin, either mortal or venial, unless the superior thought it right to enforce their observance by an express command, in virtue of his right

to be unhesitatingly obeyed. As to any idea of the superior enjoining what would be in itself sinful, there is simply nothing whatever said upon the matter. The vow never even supposes such a thing possible, except when it says, that if he did enjoin a sinful act, he is *not* to be obeyed. The idea that he, by his office of superior, could make that to be lawful for the Jesuit which is not lawful for the Christian, is a pure invention, either inconceivably stupid, or outrageously wicked.

The true import of this qualification of the vow of obedience—for such it really is—is to be found in the last sentence of our last quotation. It was a gentle provision of the spirit of Christian charity, framed for the purpose of rendering the vow of obedience as light and easy as was consistent with the practical working of the Society, as a united and well governed body. It was the declaration of a father to his children, telling them, that although all these strict and minute rules had been drawn up for their guidance, yet as he had no desire to infringe upon their liberty of action one step beyond what necessity required, if they found it desirable to break through them in any way, they were not to think that they were violating their vow of obedience, unless they were specially commanded by their superior to adhere to the strict letter of the laws they had promised to obey. Indeed, strange as it may seem to English ears, this far-famed and repeatedly misunderstood proviso in the Jesuit vow is *precisely the same as the rule on which the Protestant University of Oxford is professedly and actually governed*. A vast body of university statutes exists, to the obedience of which the members of the university solemnly bind themselves, but with this very same reservation, that unless obedience to any particular statute is enforced by the superiors for the time being, those who disobey it are not therefore to consider themselves guilty either of lying, perjury, or disobedience, or of any mortal or venial sin whatever. "*Obligatio ad peccatum*" signifies simply "*obligation under the penalty of sin;*" i.e. an obligation which cannot be broken through without incurring the guilt of sin.

We now turn to Mr. Taylor's attempt to account for the existence, power, deeds, and character of the Society, on some hypothesis not flagrantly violating the facts of its history. He thus states the problem to be solved:

"While the monastery was, for the most part, the asylum of men whose withdrawal from the duties and service of active life seldom involved any very serious loss to the world, the Jesuit institute is framed for no purpose more evidently than that of sifting the mass of society, so that it may take to itself the choicest samples of energy, intelligence, and devotedness. The one drift of the Constitutions is the selection and careful discipline of those who are to be the agents of the Society. But if we ask in what labours are those carefully chosen

instruments to be employed, we obtain no answer which can be accepted as any thing better than an evasion. All is shrouded in mystery on this ground.

"Nor does it appear, nor can any solution of the difficulty be gathered either from the Constitutions or from any other documentary source, what it was which the Society offered to men of this order, whose talents and acquirements would have secured to them a course of splendid success in any path of secular life, as an equivalent for the surrender, not merely of its ordinary enjoyments, but of its rewards, its honours, and its emoluments. If, as a sufficient reply, we should be told that the highest and the purest motives which Christianity inspires have at all times secured to the Society the devoted services of so large a number of accomplished men; if this be all that is said, then we are left to balance a most incredible supposition against an utterly insoluble mystery, and so to leave the question as we found it. It is quite true that the pure motives of Christian zeal have often availed, and that they do avail, for securing the best services of men who may have been more or less fitted to fight their way in secular employments, where no extraordinary sacrifices of personal well-being are demanded of the ministers of religion. But such are not the conditions of the problem now before us; for we have to consider the case of a band of men selected on account of their natural ability, their personal energy, and their practical address; and then, that upon *such* men conditions are imposed, and from *such* men sacrifices are demanded, that must ever be appalling to human nature. What, then, is the compensation? In what species is the equivalent counted out? From the documents of Jesuitism no answer to these questions can by any means be extracted."

How, then, is this surprising anomaly in the records of humanity accounted for in the book before us? Mr. Taylor considers that the whole work of Jesuitism, including its heroically self-denying deeds, sprung from, and was carried forward by, a love of *power* in its founder and its members. In saying this, he does not imply that it was such a love of power as is in itself morally wrong, according to his theory of morals; but simply such an instinctive, natural delight in *dominion*, as such, that it sufficed thus to produce results which are not even heard of without the pale of the Catholic Church. This, of course, is an intelligible explanation; but, as a valid and satisfactory account of the life and soul of such an institution as the Society of Jesus, it is utterly insufficient and absurd. We might as well suppose that the muscular strength of an infant's arm was a sufficient motive force to propel a gigantic railway engine. Doubtless the love of power will do *something* towards overcoming the love of ease, the love of pleasure, the love of society, the love of home and kindred, which in a greater or less degree are natural to all men; but when was it ever heard that it could impel frail human selfishness to such deeds as are recorded in multitudes in the unquestioned annals of the Society of Jesus? When men in general love power, and make sacrifices to obtain it, it is in almost every instance for the sake of the wealth, the luxury, the fame which it will bring to them in its train. Enthusiastic as is the passion with which dominion is sometimes sought by

human nature, it is invariably with a deliberately selfish aim. Men seek to govern for their own benefit, and the sacrifices they make are of a wholly different nature from those which the members of this Society have gladly and eagerly offered upon the shrine of duty. When was it ever heard that any merely natural love of dominion drove men by thousands and thousands to unwearied solitary toils, to personal poverty, to the sacrifice of nights and days without end? When did it banish them across the seas to America, to India, to Africa, to China, to every inhospitable region, where the snows never melt, or where the sun never ceases to glare; where they can meet only hunger, poverty, or nakedness, and where a violent death is the almost sure termination of a life of unknown and uncelebrated sufferings? Granting, for a moment, that the distinction and the actual elevation which is attained by some few of the superiors of the Society is sufficient to account for the self-denying zeal with which they have struggled against and vanquished all the frailties of humanity, what still shall we say of the immense majority of individual Jesuits, to whom the attainment of power was an impossibility, and who could share only in the hatred and persecution which the world has ever heaped upon the Society of Jesus? Or granting, in like manner, that at certain periods such a lust for dominion has inspired the Institute, how is it possible to attribute its conduct since its revival to any such motive? Since that revival, though its conduct has been the same, its reward—if this be its reward—has never been given to it. What distinction, save a distinction in persecution, has been the lot of the Jesuits since they again sprang to life in Christendom? What are they now, but marks for the most envenomed arrows of malice and hatred, objects of suspicion to shallow Catholics, and regarded with open dislike by almost every power in Europe, whether Catholic or Protestant? Look to every Catholic country on the continent, and see upon whom the first and most savage blows of infidelity and blood-thirstiness fall. Who is it that are *most* hated by those who hate the kingdom of God and of his Christ? The Jesuits. Who are the first victims thrown to the frantic bands of revolutionists and assassins, to appease if possible their ferocious appetites for blood and rapine? The Jesuits. Who are these that are wandering over the face of the earth, almost disowned by the timid Catholic, living literally upon daily charity, and protected from insult only by disguise? The Jesuits. Is it the love of power which sustains them in fidelity to their order and to the Catholic Church, when they are hunted like beasts from the city of Rome itself, and driven as foes to the human race to seek refuge in Protestant England and Protestant America? What a signal refutation it

is to these vain theories of such men as Mr. Taylor, that at this moment, almost the only place where a Jesuit is *safe*, is this ultra-Protestant kingdom, where their name is cast out and spit upon in abhorrence! Yet these are the men who have devoted every energy of body and soul to the acquisition of *power*! Truly, if such be their aim, they have their reward.

Yet the Society lives, thrives, and increases. Persecuted in one city, the Jesuits flee to another. The offscouring of men, they yet have that within them which attracts heart after heart, and intellect after intellect, to their ranks. Still they go on, training novices, preaching and hearing confessions, educating and writing; still have they bands of missionaries far away in climes whose names are scarcely known, where they live, and where they die, for the sake of this supposed power over their fellow-creatures. Oh, what miserable trifling is this! How it vanishes before the first breathing of common sense! What a satire it is upon philosophy! What a voluntary enslaving and degradation of the intelligence it is thus to pretend to explain away the facts which we dare not deny!

There is but one supposition on which the acts of the Jesuits could have been *possible*. Nothing but the love of God *could* have sustained them, and made them what they were, and what they are. Human nature has no motives and no strength to supply, capable of such marvellous results as these. Search the whole history of our race, and we find nothing parallel. Man never did such deeds before, except for the love of God; and we might as reasonably pretend that the law of gravity does not extend to all material substances, and invent a new system of physical nature for ourselves, as pretend that any earthly passions could prompt and carry into fulfilment the self-denying heroism which the followers of Loyola have displayed.

And what if they have at times been guilty of certain excesses in the way of unwarrantable casuistry, or excessive craft, or personal ambition? Let the faults of certain Jesuits be all that Pascal, or any other reasonable man, ever attributed to them—what then? Was there ever a human institution, of the most unexceptionable and useful kind, that has not degenerated into scandalous abuses? Shall we say that military discipline is an evil, because it has often resulted in the most awful consequences to humanity? Is secular government an evil, because governors are oftener tyrants than paternal rulers? Is the authority of a parent to be condemned, because so many men are despots over their wives and children? Is law a vile and utterly worthless device, because the quibbles of lawyers are a byword, and their meshes sometimes a net which hampers and slays the victim of their

extortion? We have no wish to be the indiscriminating apologists of the Jesuits. Of course, they cannot be defended in every thing. Nothing that is in the hands of man is immaculate. If they had a professedly spotless history of their conduct to relate, we should set them down at once as impostors. The Church of Christ itself includes men of all characters and degrees of virtue and vice. All we ask for them is justice and truth.

Nor let it be forgotten, that if we are to conclude that the principle of Jesuitism is rotten because there have been bad Jesuits, the same rule of reasoning destroys all title of Christianity to be a divine religion. If Popery is false, then also is Christianity, for out of Christianity came Popery, and out of Popery came Jesuitism. But it will be said, that it was not the principles of Christianity which produced Popery, but the evil thoughts of men calling themselves Christians. Be it so, then. And what else is it that we say of dishonest, ambitious, worldly Jesuits? It was not the principles of Loyola which made them vile, but their own evil natures, which perverted a thing good in itself to mischievous ends. We cannot argue both ways at once. Prove the principles of Loyola bad, without reference to their results; and so also prove Christianity to be true, without regarding the wickednesses of Christians. But do not apply one law of reasoning to Christianity and another to Jesuitism. If, when I cannot *prove* any thing against the Constitutions, the Spiritual Exercises, or the Letter on Obedience, I assume that they *must* be bad, because they have produced wicked Jesuits; in all honesty, I must admit the infidel's argument, and allow that Christianity, against which he can *prove* nothing in itself, is yet to be denounced as a deceit, because out of it has come Popery and Jesuitism, out of it still come the horrors of religious rancour and persecution, and all the miserable divisions which at this moment marshal the members of one household against each other, and cause debates, quarrels, heart-burnings, and acute sufferings, wherever the name of Christianity is known.

If we would be fair, honest, and consistent, we must accept the only alternative that remains, and admit that the motto of the Society, "*ad majorem Dei gloriam*," is the expression of its real spirit. The enigma can never be solved by those who refuse to believe that the grace of the Holy Ghost has been shed abundantly upon its members, that it has emphatically blest its constitution, and filled the hearts of the great majority of individual Jesuits with a pure, devoted love towards God, and towards the souls He died to save. Whatsoever be the future destiny of the Society; in whatever way it may bear up against the storm of fury which now lashes its barriers with ungovernable rage; whether

it be able to take its place among the prime movers of the intelligence and activity of the age, or whether it confine its operations to the conversion of Pagans on the outskirts of civilisation; still it will survive in the respect and

affection of all enlightened Christians, though it continue a byword among the worldly, and an inexplicable mystery to the philosopher, who knows no sources of action save those of selfish, unaided human nature.

THE USE OF HYMNS: CATHOLIC AND NON-CATHOLIC POETRY.

Jesus and Mary; or, Catholic Hymns. By Frederick W. Faber, Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. Burns.

Reverberations. Chapman.

WE class these two publications together, dissimilar as they are in almost every respect, because they are both of them "signs of the times." One of them strikingly exhibits the peculiar characteristics of Catholic poetry; the other is a voice from that system of opinion which for want of a better term is called Socinianism; yet both are indications of that mighty effort which is going on amongst us, to solve the dread problem of human life, and to turn the heart of the poor man to its natural home and rest.

If our age were as truly scientific and philosophical as it boasts to be, the first glance at two such collections of poetry would suggest a strong suspicion that, after all, Catholicism is the only scientific and philosophical religion which the world knows of. If clearness, definiteness, and accuracy of idea be the attributes of truth,—if haziness, a vague yearning for some undefined good, and a sense of painful discomfort, amounting almost to anguish, be the natural accompaniments of delusion, then will every man of common sense at once confess that the author of *Jesus and Mary* is more likely to have found that which is scientifically and eternally true than the author of the *Reverberations* before us. Each is the production of a mind sincerely and unquestionably in earnest, which has looked upon the life of others with an anxious and observant eye, and has also probed its own mysterious depths; each looks forward, each lives in hope, each aims at conferring a blessing upon its fellow-sufferers in human sorrow. But as different as is a noble landscape illumined by the calm and steadfast rays of the sun, from the same scene lit up in parts, and for a few passing moments, by the glare of a blaze of fireworks, so different is the knowledge of the unseen and spiritual world manifested in the former of these collections from that which we trace in the latter.

Besides the usual objects of those who write or publish hymns, Mr. Faber has another purpose in view, in which, we think, he shews a perfect appreciation of the true method of Christianising (for in many cases it

is nothing less) both the Catholic and Protestant poor. It is impossible to close our eyes to the fact, that, especially in London and other great cities, a large proportion of the children of poverty, even when nominally and by profession Catholics, are in many respects little better than heathens. The number of our clergy, and of our churches and chapels, is so utterly disproportioned to our needs, that it is frightful to think of the *tens of thousands* who, in the metropolis alone, never attend to their religious duties, and are necessarily almost as ignorant as the Protestant poor of the very elements of their faith. At the same time, the religious knowledge of those who do habitually hear Mass and frequent the Sacraments is often at a grievously low ebb, and calls loudly for the untiring efforts of those who have it in their power to come without delay to their aid. Those who have had the means of comparing the theological attainments of the English and Irish poor with those of the poor of Italy frequently express in the strongest terms their sense of the extraordinary deficiencies of the former, in contrast with the definite and thorough religious knowledge of the Italians.

It is further a matter of the highest moment, to devise some means for the full and satisfactory instruction of converts from Protestantism in the more uneducated classes. The knowledge of his new faith which can be conveyed to the poor convert by personal intercourse between himself and his priest is of necessity extremely limited. It is both morally and physically impossible that our clergy should orally communicate all that minute acquaintance with Catholic doctrine and practice, that thoroughly Catholic tone of thought and feeling, which often is worked into a poor convert by very slow degrees. They can but do what is *necessary* for the catechumen, and then admit him into the Church, and leave him to be matured in the faith by the usual means which are at the disposal of his fellow-Catholics in general. Yet it is notorious that such means are not to be had for the mere wishing for or asking for. Our existing machinery and literature are such that for many a weary day the zealous priest has to lament the small advance towards perfection which he sees among his converts, and which defies his overtaken powers to remedy.

That this needful instruction, and this thoroughly Catholicised tone of mind, can be most materially forwarded by the habitual perusal of *hymns*, Mr. Faber entertains a strong conviction, and, in our humble judgment, with very great justice. We need not now linger to shew why it is so; but it will be denied by none who have studied the facts which bear upon the case, that there exists in a vast number of men, women, and children, of all ranks and countries, nothing less than a *passion* for hymns,—not so much for singing at church or at home, as for reading and for learning by heart. We quote Mr. Faber's words in his preface, as stating some few of the many proofs which may be given of the truth of this view: "There is scarcely any thing," he says, "which takes so strong a hold upon people as religion in metre, hymns or poems on doctrinal subjects. Every one who has had experience among the English poor knows the influence of Wesley's Hymns and the Olney Collection. Less than moderate literary excellence, a very tame versification, indeed often the simple recurrence of a rhyme is sufficient: the spell seems to lie in that. Catholics even are not unfrequently found poring, with a devout and unsuspecting delight, over the verses of the Olney Hymns, which the author himself can remember acting like a spell upon him for years, strong enough to be for long a counter influence to very grave convictions, and even now to come back from time to time unbidden into the mind. The Welsh hymn-book is in two goodly volumes, and helps to keep alive the well-known Welsh fanaticism. The German hymn-book, with its captivating double rhymes, outdoes Luther's Bible as a support of the now decaying cause of Protestantism there. The Cantiques of the French missions, and the Laudi Spirituali of Italy, are reckoned among the necessary weapons of the successful missionary; and it would seem that the Oratory, with its 'perpetual domestic mission,' first led the way in this matter; and St. Alphonso, the pupil of St. Philip's Neapolitan children, and himself once under a vow to join them, used to sing his own hymns in the pulpit before the sermon. It seemed, then, in every way desirable that Catholics should have a hymn-book *for reading*, which should contain the mysteries of the faith in easy verse, or different states of heart and conscience depicted with the same unadorned simplicity, for example, as the 'Oh, for a closer walk with God' of the Olney Hymns; and that the metres should be of the simplest and least intricate sort, so as not to stand in the way of the understanding or enjoyment of the poor, which has always been found to be the case with any thing like elaborate metre, however simple the diction and touching the thoughts might be. The means of influence

which one school of Protestantism has in Wesley's, Newton's, and Cowper's hymns, and another in the more refined and engaging works of Oxford writers, and foreign Catholics in the Cantiques and Laudi, are unfortunately entirely wanting to us in our labours among the hymn-loving English."

So few of our readers, however, will have difficulty in confirming these ideas, that we shall dwell no longer upon them, except to mention as curious an illustration of their truth as we recollect ever to have met with. Mr. Francis Newman, the author of the sceptical book on *The Soul*, reviewed in another part of this month's *Rambler*, though he disbelieves almost every thing else, confesses to the strong power possessed over his mind by Wesley's hymns, and submits himself to their influence as almost inspired compositions!

In the present little volume Mr. Faber makes but a commencement of a larger work he contemplates, in order to supply a complete body of Catholic doctrine, feeling, and thought, in metrical forms. He has here published about forty hymns and short poems, all on different subjects, ranging from the great doctrines of the blessed Trinity and the Incarnation, to such practical topics as "Distraction in Prayer," "The Will of God," "Flowers for the Altar," and the like. He is himself far from believing that they are all that they should be, and he invites criticism upon them; but we have no scruple in avowing our own conviction that if he ever completes the entire work as he proposes, he will have conferred a boon upon English Catholicism of the highest value. As we shall presently shew, we think the present hymns far from faultless; but taken as a whole, they are precisely what they ought to be, and what they aim at being. Simple, hearty, flowing, and full of unction, they at the same time embody an amount of doctrinal and moral instruction, which in some of them is quite astonishing; and we have little doubt that wherever they are known, they will be welcomed with joy, and will produce permanent good effects in readers of every class and of every degree of spiritual acquirements.

The most successful are, perhaps, those which are more descriptive, or more doctrinal, in their character. Those of which personal feelings of love and joy are the subject have, occasionally, a slight touch of straining and effort about them, and are more superficial in their treatment than those in which the soul *contemplates* the ineffable glories and mysteries of the Christian's faith. The fault we speak of is, indeed, by no means deeply impressed, and is, after all, more the result of a few defects in expression than of the subject-matter of the hymns themselves. Of those which are more thoroughly successful, the following hymns on "The Eternal Spirit"

and on "Predestination" (a most difficult subject for a hymn) are fair specimens :

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT.

Fountain of love! Thyself true God,
Who through eternal days
From Father and from Son hast flowed
In uncreated ways!
O Majesty unspeakable!
O Person all divine!
How in the threefold majesty
Doth thy Procession shine!
Fixed in the Godhead's awful light
Thy fiery breath doth move;
Thou art a wonder by Thyself
To worship and to love.
Proceeding, yet of equal age
With those whose love Thou art;
Proceeding, yet distinct from those
From whom Thou seem'st to part:
An undivided nature shared
With Father and with Son;
A person by Thyself; with them
Thy simple essence One.
Bond art Thou of the other twain,
Omnipotent and free;
The consummating love of God,
The limit of the Three.
Thou limitest infinity,
Thyself all infinite;
The Godhead lives, and loves, and rests,
In thine eternal light.
I dread Thee, unbegotten Love!
True God! sole fount of grace!
And now before thy blessed throne
My sinful self abase.
Ocean, wide-flowing ocean, Thou,
Of uncreated love;
I tremble as within my soul
I feel thy waters move.
Thou art a sea without a shore;
Awful, immense Thou art:
A sea which can contract itself
Within my narrow heart.
And yet Thou art a haven too
Out on the shoreless sea,—
A harbour that can hold full well
Shipwrecked humanity.
Thou art an unborn breath outbreathed
On angels and on men,
Subduing all things to Thyself,
We know not how or when.
Thou art a God of fire, that doth
Create while He consumes!
A God of light, whose rays on earth
Darken where He illumines!
All things, dread Spirit, to thy praise
Thy presence doth transmute;
Evil itself thy glory bears,
Its one abiding fruit.
O Light, O Love, O very God!
I dare no longer gaze
Upon thy wondrous attributes,
And their mysterious ways.
O Spirit, beautiful and dread,
My heart is fit to break
With love of thy humility
For us poor sinners' sake.
Thy love of Jesus I adore;—
My comfort this shall be,
That when I serve my dearest Lord
That service worships Thee.

PREDESTINATION.

Father and God, mine endless doom
Is hidden in thy hand,
And I shall know not what it is
Till at thy bar I stand.

Thou knowest what Thou hast decreed
For me in thy dread will;
I in my helpless ignorance
Must tremble and lie still.
All light is darkness when I think
Of what may be my fate;
Yet hearts will trust, and hope can teach
Both faith and love to wait.
A little strife of flesh and soul,
A single word from Thee,
And in a moment I possess
A fixed eternity:—
Fixed, fixed, irrevocably fixed!
Oh, at this silent hour
The thought of what is possible
Comes with terrific power:
As though into some awful depth
Rash hands had flung a stone,
And still the frightening echoes grow,
As it goes sounding on.
My fears adore Thee, O my God!
My heart is chilled with awe;
Yet love from out that very chill
Fresh life and heat can draw.
Thou owest me no duties, Lord,
Thy being hath no ties;
The world lies open to thy will,
Its victim and its prize.
Father! thy power is merciful
To us poor worms below,
Not bound by justice, but because
Thyself hath willed it so.
The fallen creature hath no rights,
No voice in thy decrees;
Yet while thy glory owns no claims,
Thy love makes promises.
Thou mayst have willed that I should die
In friendship, Lord, with Thee,
Or I may in the act of sin
Touch on eternity.
What can I do but trust Thee, Lord,
For Thou art God alone?
My soul is safer in thy hands,
Father, than in my own.
I worship Thee with breathless fears;
Thou wilt do what Thou wilt;
The worst thine anger hath in store
Is far below my guilt.
O fearful thought! one act of sin
Within itself contains
The power of endless hate of God,
And everlasting pains.
For me to do such act, I know
How slight a change I need;
Yet know not if restraining grace
For me hath been decreed.
What can I do but trust Thee, Lord?
That trust my heart will cheer,
And love must learn to live abashed
Beneath continual fear.
That Thou art God is my one joy!
Whate'er thy will may be,
Thy glory will be magnified
In thy last doom of me.

This last hymn we are inclined to think altogether the best in the volume; and, like the first of the two, it is a striking proof of the force and clearness with which the most abstruse and awful doctrines can be embodied in the simplest verse. Another and very pleasing example of a different kind is the hymn on

THE DESCENT OF JESUS TO LIMBUS.

Thousands of years had come and gone,
And slow the ages seemed to move
To those expectant souls that filled
That prison-house of patient love.

It was a weary watch of theirs,
But onward still their hopes would press;
Captives they were, yet happy too,
In their contented weariness.

As noiseless tides the ample depths
Of some capacious harbour fill,
So grew the calm of that dread place
Each day with increase swift and still.

Sweet tidings there St. Joseph took;
The Saviour's work had then begun,
And of his three-and-thirty years
But three alone were left to run.

And Eve like Joseph's shadow hung
About him wheresoe'er he went;
She lived on thoughts of Mary's Child,
Trembled with hope, and was content.

But see, how hushed the crowd of souls!
Whence comes the light of upper day?
What glorious form is this that finds
Through central earth its ready way?

'Tis God! 'tis man! the living soul
Of Jesus, beautiful and bright,
The first-born of created things,
Flushed with a pure resplendent light.

'Twas Mary's Child! Eve saw Him come;
She flew from Joseph's haunted side,
And worshipped, first of all that crowd,
The soul of Jesus crucified.

So after four long thousand years
Faith reached her end, and Hope her aim,
And from them, as they passed away,
Love lit her everlasting flame!

Of the more practical hymns, the following
will serve as an example:

DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

Oh, for the happy days gone by,
When love ran smooth and free,
Days when my spirit so enjoyed
More than earth's liberty!

Oh, for the times when on my heart
Long prayer had never palled,
Times when the ready thought of God
Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate,
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,
Countless and bright and beautiful,
Beyond my own control.

Oh, who hath locked those fountains up?
Those visions who hath stayed?
What sudden act hath thus transformed
My sunshine into shade?

This freezing heart, O Lord, this will
Dry as the desert sand,
Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts
That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope
That cares not for its aim,
A love that none the hotter grows
At Jesu's blessed name,—

The weariness of prayer, the mist
O'er conscience overspread,
The chill repugnance to frequent
The feast of angels' bread,—

The torment of unsettled thoughts
That cannot fix on Thee,
And in the dread confessional
Hard, cold fidelity:—

If this drear change be Thine, O Lord!
If it be thy sweet will,
Spare not, but to the very brim
The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,
Oh, shew that sin to me;
Not to get back the sweetness lost,
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord, I dread:—
To have a secret spot
That separates my soul from Thee,
And yet to know it not.

Oh, when the tide of graces set
So full upon my heart,
I know, dear Lord, how faithlessly
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned
A chastisement like this,
In trifling many a grace away
In self-complacent bliss.

But if this weariness hath come
A present from on high,
Teach me to find the hidden wealth
That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I can learn
To tremble and adore,
To sound my own vile nothingness,
And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think
That I can love so much,—
To have Thee with me, Lord, all day,
Yet not to feel thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord, for hire,
Hire which thy beauty shewed,
Ah! I can serve Thee now for nought,
And only as my God.

Oh, blessed be this darkness then,
This deep in which I lie,
And blessed be all things that teach
God's dread supremacy.

The faults we find with Mr. Faber's Muse are these: she is much too fond of "ohs" and "ahs," one of which appears in some of the hymns in almost every stanza. She calls objects beautiful, and sings of beauty, at times when *beauty*, whether spiritual or visible, would be very far from that which would strike the soul of the vast majority of Christians, and especially the poor. Mr. Faber must beware of dwelling too much on the external appearance of things. We may rest assured that true as it is that our love of the beautiful and the visibly glorious will be satisfied beyond all our utmost present conceptions in the vision of the dread majesty of Almighty God, yet with the class of persons for whom these hymns are specially designed, the love of *beauty*, as such, is not by any means a prominent or master passion in their hearts. We should gladly also see some other expression occasionally substituted for the term *dear*, which strikes as now and then introduced in a forced and artificial way. And lastly, Mr. Faber here and there repeats an epithet or a short phrase merely to fill up a line, when no additional vividness or truth of painting is the result. At times, of course, such a reduplication is natural and pleasing; but it occurs so often in these hymns as to produce the impression that the author has a kind of trick or habit of so expressing himself of which he is scarcely conscious. Our readers will see that all these, however, are but trivial defects, and easily corrected, in a series of compositions of such real, and, let us add, of such rare excellence.

Strange it is now to turn to the songs of the anonymous author of the *Reverberations* before us. "We chant our own times and social circumstances," he says on his title-page, quoting from Emerson; and in truth never was a book better named. His little poems,

some of which are a species of hymn, are the echoes of that voice which now is crying aloud for truth, for a religion, and for a Saviour. Overpowered with a sense of the wrongs and sorrows of the poor; keenly alive to the follies and heartlessness of the busy, wealthy world of rank and pleasure; rejecting the whole mass of so-called orthodox Protestantism, yet clinging to a certain dreamy faith and to certain convictions of the bliss of moral purity and healthy energetic action; he is as pleasing an exponent of what, in less earnest minds, is the *cant* of benevolence and of "the good, the beautiful, and the true," as can readily be named. At times he almost touches upon the very faith and system of Catholicism, though even here some vague, ill-conceived expression jars the mind and grates upon the ear. His words are often quaint, and his verses out of tune; but for all that there is a painful intensity and genuineness about them, with now and then a passage of true beauty, which will repay the study of all who would know how the soul of their fellow-countrymen is lifting up its voice, and crying for some to come and save. We have room for one extract only.

THE IDEAL.

To be like Him, the Man divine,
Yea, from the cradle to the grave,
To bear the cross and not repine,
Shall sanctify and save.

Feel God within thee, dare to live
Apart, misunderstood like God;
All praise, all worship men can give,
Beneath thy foot be trod.

To God, to God alone aspire,
Arise with head and heart unbowed;
Child of the Holy Ghost and fire,
Why heed the sea and cloud?

Why heed the earth, her grace, her beauty;
Why heed dear love and human ties;
Pleased with the common paths of duty,
Content with Paradise?

O younger Adam, quit thine Eve,
Thy tree of knowledge, sacred river—
Thy garden and gold apple leave,
And be with God for ever.

High on the mount the heavenly splendour
Shall trance and shall transfigure thee,
Helping and hallowing the surrender
Of man to Deity.

The Christ shall be thy fair Ideal,
His fulness thy heroic stature;
The life of Jesus shall grow real,
And be allied to nature.

His thought, and speech, and graceful deed,
His love and his self-immolation,
His calm, brave soul in pain and need,
Were meant for imitation.

Die on thy cross to vain delight,
Be buried in thy garden-grave;
If crucifixion bring the night,
'Tis the dead Christ shall save.

In fragrance and in light transcendent,
With singing angels man shall rise;
And Truth and Love, on wings resplendent,
Shall lift him to the skies.

Go up, go up, O son of morning,
With glad and beautiful ascension,
Adorning earth and sea, adorning
The heavens without dimension.

The colour'd dome of time shall break,
The world of sense shall shoot and fall,
Soul to itself shall soul retake,
And God be all in all.

SHORT NOTICES.

Pope Adrian IV.: an Historical Sketch. By Richard Raby. Richardson.

THERE is nothing like a strong dose of ecclesiastical history for persons who are disposed to morbid despondency or amazement at the present troubles of the Church and of its earthly head. Protestants who rejoice, and Catholics who are astonished and bewildered, at seeing Pius IX. an exile, and Republicanism set up at Rome, need but cast a glance backwards at the past history of the Church and of the Papacy, to learn that the miseries of our time are so far from being unexampled, that, in comparison with the rebellious atrocities of certain other periods, they are mere temporary inconveniences and mishaps. Infamous and contemptible as has been the recent conduct of the Roman people, they are no worse than their fathers. Republicanism in Rome is an old story; and the records of the Holy City present a series of struggles between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Jesus Christ, manifested in a vast variety of forms, of which the events of the last two or three years are but an average example.

The only Englishman who ever filled the chair of Peter was not without his share of the conflict. Nicholas Breakspere, Pope Adrian IV., was called to the Pontificate in the midst of the raging troubles of the twelfth century—a period in which, to the revolutionary spirit of our own times, was

superadded, in many cases, a scandalous corruption among the clergy of the Church themselves, to which we are happily strangers. Mr. Raby has here furnished a very pleasingly written sketch of the life and reign of our illustrious countryman. He details the course of the events which crowded into Adrian's brief reign of four years and eight months with spirit and vivacity, and without any pretence or affectation. His view of the times we think eminently sound and practical, and have little doubt that the essay before us will be as useful as he could wish.

A Book of Ornamental Glazing Quarries, collected from Ancient Examples. By A. W. Franks, B.A. Trinity College, Cambridge. London, J. H. Parker.

A HANDSOME volume, containing above a hundred carefully executed copies of the ornamented lozenge-shaped panes with which the old Gothic architects were accustomed to fill their windows, in the absence of more enriched stained glass. Just now, when the Catholic purse is so empty, and Catholic needs so pressing, a judicious employment of this simple species of decoration would answer the purpose of imparting some little colour and richness to church-windows at an economical rate. Mr. Franks' collection will be extremely useful to artists engaged in any such work; while the execution of these quarries, consisting simply of

white or greenish glass, with a bold pattern drawn in dark-brown lines, and occasionally tinted with yellow, is so easy, that many an amateur might be found who could usefully employ his or her leisure hours in painting them. Many of Mr. Franks' examples are, of course, ugly enough, as his object is to give an historical series, and not a set of models for imitation; but many are quite the reverse, and are worth copying as well as studying.

Recherches Historiques et Critiques sur le véritable Auteur du Livre de l'Imitation de Jésus Christ. Par J. B. Malou. Louvain, Fonteyn; London, Burns.

THE learned reader need not be reminded that the authorship of *The Imitation of Jesus Christ* has long been a fruitful subject of discussion among the critical. It has been attributed to Thomas à Kempis, to John Gersen, a Benedictine monk of Verceil, and to John Gerson, Chancellor of the University of Paris. The controversy has now lasted about 250 years; and Monsignor Malou, the recently consecrated Bishop of Bruges, has lately published a complete *resumé* of its whole course, under the above title. He himself gives the authorship to à Kempis, without hesitation; and his work will be found full of interest and information for the curious.

Visits to the Most Holy Sacrament and to the Blessed Virgin, &c. Translated from St. Alphonsus Liguori and others; revised by a Catholic Clergyman. London, Jones.

THIS is a valuable and neatly printed little manual of devotions, which will at once commend itself to those who rejoice to see a more fervent devotion towards the Blessed Sacrament and to our Lady daily spreading throughout Catholic England and Ireland. Many are taken from the writings of St. Alphonsus; but the works of Baudrand, the *Libellus Precum*, the *Nouveau Manuel de Piété*, and other admirable compilations, supply many excellent additions. Persons of all states and inclinations will find something to suit themselves in the collection.

The Child's First History of Rome. By the Author of "Amy Herbert," &c. Longmans.

THIS little book is more suited to "boys and girls" than to the "child;" though perhaps Miss Sewell would herself include children of an older growth in the word *child* than are commonly supposed to come within its signification. The history of Rome would, we fear, be a dismal study to the child of six or seven years old, in any thing like the systematic historical form here adopted. The authoress's labours will, however, be very useful for boys and girls from ten or eleven years old till thirteen or fourteen; and so far as we have examined her book, it seems based on principles which make it a *safe* book to be employed in the education of the innocent young mind.

A Catholic History of England. By W. B. MacCabe. Vol. II. Newby.

MR. MacCabe here gives us the second volume of his curious and interesting history, or rather, his historical mosaic. His plan of employing the very words of the monkish historians, dovetailing his extracts together so as to make them read as one continuous narrative, communicates a certain raciness and novelty to the work, which makes it to many readers as agreeable as it is unique. He promises one more volume, beyond which he finds it impossible to make leisure for carrying out his original design.

The Christian's Key to the Philosophy of Socialism. By Upsilon. Chapman.

TEX propositions, rather stating the writer's hopes, wishes, and fears respecting the great problem of modern society, than furnishing any complete key to its philosophy, or to that system which, under the name of Socialism, attempts to cope with its disorders. We fear that the author is himself too far at sea to be able to point out the landmarks which will guide the tossing vessel of humanity to her desired haven. Nevertheless, his essay is well meant; and as a token of what men's minds are toiling for, is interesting.

The Catholic School, Nos. VII. and VIII., contains hints how to improve a school, with several valuable documents, and long lists of educational books supplied under the sanction of the Committee of Council, which will be useful to very many persons.

Catholic Hymn-Tunes and Litanies. Burns.

The School Song-book. Burns.

IT is an axiom in music, as in all arts and manufactures, that *there is no wear in rubbish*. Tunes that take the uncultivated ear at first hearing almost invariably weary it, or even disgust it, after a while. The best music is seldom captivating until tolerably well known. Both of these little publications have been planned by their editors on these principles. The former contains between thirty and forty hymn-tunes and litanies, adapted to English and Latin words, chiefly from the large body of congregational music in use in the Catholic churches of Germany. Many are excellent compositions, and all are good solid tunes, which will *wear well*, and the longer they are known the better they will be liked. The *Stabat Mater*, the *Adoro te devote*, the *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, and the *Dies Iræ*, are peculiarly beautiful examples of simple melody and harmony.

The tunes in the *School Song-book* are, of course, of a lighter and less scientific cast; but they are lively and taking pieces, and extremely well suited for use in schools where singing is taught by note. Both publications are cheap.

The Rosary of the Most Blessed Virgin Mary, and other Devotions. Translated and arranged by a Priest of the Order of Charity. Burns.

THE prettiest and most practically useful manual on the Rosary we know of.

MR. Dolman has just issued a third edition of Dr. Wiseman's *Lectures on Science and Revealed Religion*. As we shall take an early opportunity of recurring to this, one of Dr. Wiseman's ablest and most useful works, we content ourselves for the present with notifying its appearance in these two cheap and portable volumes.

IN our advertisements appears a notification of the commencement of a new volume of the *New York Freeman's Journal*, a Catholic newspaper, which we strongly recommend to the support of all our readers who would know how the Church meets the difficulties of the times on the other side of the Atlantic. It is under the immediate superintendence and patronage of Dr. Hughes, the Bishop of New York; and the aim of its editor to disentangle Catholicism from its unfortunate alliance with a low and ultra democracy, with a pseudo-nationalism, and with the worst sorts of Protestantism, calls forth the sympathies of every true and intelligent Catholic mind. The journal is more than a mere newspaper; and we shall rejoice to learn that it meets with all the support it deserves in this country.

Correspondence.

THE OFFERTORY.

To the Editor of the Rambler.

MY DEAR SIR,—I broke off my last letter to you before I had the opportunity of expressing the full amount of my agreement with the views put forth in your paper on the Offertory.

The experience I had in the Established Church fully bears out your opinion, that the great requisites towards a successful Offertory are, 1. popular Church services; 2. consistent religious teaching; 3. the spirit of mutual confidence between minister and people.

I spoke of Margaret Chapel, because I was personally connected with it; but there were churches in Oxford in which similar results with those I mentioned were effected on an equal scale, and under circumstances still less favourable. At St. Mary's, during Mr. Newman's ministry, as much as 30*l.* or 40*l.* was often collected at the early communion service on the Sundays. These sums were commonly given, not to local objects, but to purposes of general charity, such as the great religious societies, &c. The same success followed upon the offertory at St. Peter's, Oxford, under Mr. Hamilton, now a canon of Salisbury.

It would, I think, be quite untrue to say, that the congregations in which the offertory proved so successful were materially, or at all, *richer* than some of our own. The regular attendants at Margaret Chapel (the most favourably circumstanced in this respect of the three) comprehended very few of the aristocracy, and none of the rich mercantile class. It consisted, for the most part, of gentry occupying not the most fashionable quarter of the metropolis, of lawyers not high in their profession, and of tradespeople. The chapel was seldom quite full, and when full did not contain more than 250 persons. At St. Mary's, Oxford, the early communicants were chiefly resident members of the University, with limited incomes, and a few of the middle class. At St. Peter's the congregation would be more numerous and wealthier than at St. Mary's. Now, compare these congregations with those of some of our London chapels, and the preponderance both in numbers and wealth will be found, I think, on the Catholic side. I deny altogether that we can plead poverty in our excuse.

Nor, again, do I think that the offertories in the Church of England derived any great impetus from party-feeling. No one who knows the circumstances can truly say that Margaret Chapel was helped on by its connexion with the Oxford opinions; for, in fact, the Oxford men were rather shy of it than otherwise. They felt it at once too extreme and too liberal in the religious views it generally represented, and the congregation was quite a miscellaneous one. And it is my own belief, that neither St. Mary's nor St. Peter's, Oxford, were benefited by any thing of a sectarian spirit. Indeed, it is only within the last four years that what is called "Puseyism" has assumed a decidedly party character. Mr. Newman's secession was the point where it ceased to be a "school," and became a sect.

But granting that the liberality of the Anglicans was aided by party motives, is it indeed come to this, that the spirit of rivalry shall be able to produce results to which the spirit of Catholic charity is unequal?

VOL. IV.

Now, then, what *did* help our offertories in times past?

1st, Consistent teaching on the nature and duty of almsgiving. Let any one read some of Mr. Newman's sermons, *e.g.* that on St. Matthew's Day, and they will see how our people used, instead of being worked up by occasional appeals, to be indoctrinated in right principles. They were *habitually* taught the perils of wealth, and the power of self-denying liberality; and as they knew that what was said was meant to be acted on, they soon learned that giving, in the Gospel sense, means "giving up." Hence it was no uncommon thing in those congregations for persons to forego innocent luxuries or amusements in order that they might have the more to give in church. Among ourselves, this particular view of Christian liberality is confined almost entirely to the Irish poor.

2dly, The kind of relationship subsisting between minister and people was such as utterly to preclude the thought of any personal, local, or party object in the transaction. We Catholics have been forced by circumstances upon a narrow and sectarian policy, to which the principles of the Oxford school were singularly opposed. No people, who had so little of the form of the Church, could have more of its spirit than the disciples of that school. They were like enthusiasts in an atrophy; their souls were large in proportion as the body was emaciated. And when that body quite died away, or rather when we became aware that it had been dead some time, the soul of Catholic aspiration with which we were overflowing found its natural home in another and a glorious receptacle. Now, if the truth must be spoken, it was precisely that absence of a Catholic *exterior* in the community claiming our allegiance which kept some of us where we were so much longer than was abstractedly desirable. Little as we knew, we knew at least that our ways of charity were Catholic, and those of Catholics sectarian. And we have happily lived to the time when Catholics who have the advantage of us in never having been otherwise, are even anticipating us in the acknowledgment of this truth. It has been with the greatest satisfaction and thankfulness that I have lately read very remarkable testimonies of this kind from priests of long standing, high position, and great experience, whose known and proverbial kindness of nature is the best guarantee for the strength of the cause which can elicit even from hearts so benevolent, and tongues so gentle, the word of remonstrance or of protest.

What I mean by the absence of a sectarian spirit in the Oxford men was this: no one who knew them could ever think, or at least think twice, that they wanted the money which they recommended others to give, for any other purpose than the glory of God and the good of the givers. That this is the spirit of their present leaders I am not quite so sure; and I could not speak in the same honourable terms of the "monster offertory" at Margaret Chapel, which has drawn forth the eulogiums of kind, funny "Father Thomas." I hope I am not uncharitable, but I really do suspect that a part of their object now is to cut us out; an easy triumph surely, if the offertory were the only battle-field! Formerly, however, as far as

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the great body of us were concerned, I think we should have been as happy as Catholics themselves, and perhaps happier than some, to hear of a liberal spirit of almsgiving in their body. At any rate, the great secret of our success was, I am quite certain, the spirit of faith and charity in which all was conceived and done. There was no feeling of rivalry (still less of antagonism) between church and church or chapel and chapel; different congregations, as in apostolic times, interchanged their several collections if necessary. If Margaret Chapel was at a low ebb, up came the "sacrament-money" of the last Sunday at St. Mary's; and if St. Mary's had ever experienced a deficit, the same generosity would have been forthcoming in its behalf. It is quite surprising how the knowledge of this entire disinterestedness "unloosed the purse-strings" of the several congregations; they knew that their ministers kept no more for themselves than was necessary for their subsistence; and that no one cared who or what was up or down, provided they could secure the ascendancy of the principles which secure God's honour on earth, and lead men to heaven.

Neither, thirdly, were the Oxford men insensible to the value of what you call "popular services" as an accessory to the offertory. That the principles on which almsgiving was inculcated were really independent of any such adjuncts as music or ceremonial, is plain from the fact, that in Oxford itself the offertories thrived without such external aid. But in London, where the eye is attracted in so many directions which do not help the soul forwards, it was felt desirable to make the experiment of taxing the reformed religion to the full extent of its resources (and, as some thought, rather beyond them) in order to engage the senses, as far as might be allowed, on the side of devotion—the great object being not to "ape Rome," but to illustrate with existing materials the great and precious principle of the "beauty" of holiness. Every thing accordingly was done which could be done to make religion attractive—not, however, to the sensual and worldly, but to the devout. Accordingly the opportunity was given for joining in popular psalmody, as well as for witnessing, in the decorations of the "altar," the most legitimate application of whatever we could command of the beautiful and the rare.

It seems like a mockery to speak of such attempts in the same breath with the appliances which are *now* at our disposal: the litanies, the hymns, the special devotions, the lights radiating around the Blessed Sacrament, where, except in the Church, they seem but to make darkness visible and emptiness apparent. All these things

certainly tend to make *good* people love the Church, and to open their hearts towards her, and to give them a zeal in ministering to her efficacy and setting forth her charms.

Yet no greater blunder could possibly be committed (even looking so low as our pecuniary interests) than to set about making our Church services "attractive" to strollers and sight-seers, to Protestants and worldly Catholics. As well might we priests affect to be men of fashion, as turn our churches into theatres. We have no chance of coping with the world in the world's own line. Of this we may be quite sure; operating and stage-effect are no more our *forte* than would be dandyism or epicurism. If Protestants prefer our churches to the opera, it will be only because they are cheaper—a "*shilling* opera," as used to be said. But are such persons likely to improve our *offertories*? On the other hand, I speak advisedly when I say, that any expedients for making our services interesting, other than those which are purely *ecclesiastical*, will be apt to retard indefinitely the conversion of those who would bring into the Church the noblest spirit of munificence, as well as to damp the zeal of others (Catholics already) who want neither the will nor the power to aid us. It is not the accident of locality or administration about which they care, nor styles of music or architecture which determine their preferences. Thither their sympathies are drawn, and there will their charitable aid be most powerfully felt, wherever the signs are most apparent of tenderness towards the miserable, and sympathy with the good. Seculars or Regulars, Jesuits, Redemptorists, Oratorians, or simple missionaries, in church or chapel or room, Gothic or Grecian or nondescript, they will love and befriend them all, so that *they* love and befriend the helpless. It is not because they are rich and great themselves that they look for place and consideration in the "Church of the poor;" they have enough and too much of these burdens elsewhere; and when they come into God's house they desire only to remember that they are sinners before Him, and must one day stand before his judgment-seat. There want not such high and noble souls even in our own degenerate aristocracy; and should any of us succeed in disgusting such by our servility, and alienating our noble-hearted poor by our indifference, small indeed would be the residue of friends, and sorry friends after all would they be, whom we should have to condole with us over the fruits of our deplorable shortsightedness.—I am, my dear Sir, yours, very faithfully,

FREDERICK OAKELEY.

St. George's, Translation of
St. Thomas, 1849.

Ecclesiastical Register.

ALLOCUTION OF POPE PIUS IX.*

Pronounced in the Secret Consistory at Gaeta on
April 20, 1849.

VENERABILES FRATRES,—Quibus, quantisque malorum procellis summo cum animi nostri dolore pontificia nostra ditio, omnisque fere Italia miserandum in modum jactetur ac perturbetur, nemo certe ignorat, venerabiles fratres. Atque

* A translation of this document was given in our last month's number, p. 219.

utinam homines tristissimis hisce rerum vicibus edocti aliquando intelligant, nihil ipsis perniciosius esse posse, quam a veritatis, justitiæ, honestatis, et religionis semitis deflectere, ac nequissimis impiorum consiliis acquiescere, eorumque insidiis, fraudibus et erroribus decipi atque irretiri! Equidem universus terrarum orbis probe noscit, atque testatur, quæ quantaque fuerit paterni atque amantissimi animi nostri cura sollicitudo in vera solidaque pontificiæ nostræ ditionis populo-

rum utilitate, tranquillitate, prosperitate procuranda, et quis tantæ nostræ indulgentiæ et amoris fructus extiterit. Quibus quidem verbis callidissimos tantorum malorum artifices dumtaxat damnamus, quin ullam maximæ populorum parti culpam tribuere velimus. Veruntamen deplorare cogimur multos etiam e populo ita misere fuisse deceptos, ut aures suas a nostris vocibus ac monitis avertentes, illas fallacibus quorundam magistrorum doctrinis præbuerint, qui relinquentes *iter rectum et per vias tenebrosas ambulantes** eo unice spectabant, ut imperitorum præsertim animos mentesque magnificis falsisque promissis in fraudem et in errorem inducerent, ac plane compellerent. Omnes profecto norunt, quibus laudum præconiis fuerit ubique concelebrata memoranda illa et amplissima venia a nobis ad familiarum pacem tranquillitatem, felicitatemque procurandam concessa. Ac neminem latet, plures ea venia donatos non solum suam mentem vel minimum haud immutasse, quemadmodum sperabamus, verum etiam eorum consiliis et molitionibus acrius in dies insistentes, nihil umquam inausum, nihilque intentatum reliquisse, ut civilem Romani pontificis principatum, ejusque regimen uti jamdiu machinabantur, labefactarent et funditus everterent, ac simul acerrimum sanctissimæ nostræ religioni bellum inferrent. Ut autem id facilius consequi possent, nihil antiquius habuere, quam multitudines in primis convocare, inflammare, easque assiduis magnisque motibus agitare, quos vel nostrarum concessionum prætextu continenter fovere, et in dies augere summopere studebant. Hinc concessiones in ipso nostri pontificatus initio a nobis ultro ac libenter datæ non solum optatos fructus haud emittere, sed ne radices quidem agere umquam potuere, cum peritissimi fraudum architecti iisdem concessionibus ad novas concitandas agitationes abuterentur. Atque in hoc vestro consensu, venerabiles fratres, facta ipsa vel leviter attingere, ac raptim commemorare ea sane mente censuimus, ut omnes bonæ voluntatis homines clare aperteque cognoscant, quid Dei et humani generis hostes velint, quid optent, quidque ipsis in animo semper fixum destinatumque sit.

Pro singulari nostro in subditos affectu dolebamus, ac vehementer angebamur, venerabiles fratres, cum assiduos illos populares motus tum publicæ tranquillitati, et ordini, tum privatæ familiarum quieti ac paci tantopere adversos videremus, nec perferre poteramus crebras illas pecuniarias collectas, quæ variis nominibus non sine levi civium incommodo, et dispendio postulabantur. Itaque mense aprili anno 1847 per publicum edictum nostri cardinalis a publicis negotiis omnes monere haud omisimus, ut ab ejusmodi popularibus conventibus, et largitionibus sese abstinerent, atque ad propria pertractanda negotia animum mentemque denuo converterent, omnemque in nobis fiduciam collocarent, ac pro certo haberent, paternas nostras curas cogitationesque ad publica commoda comparanda unice esse conversas, quemadmodum jam pluribus ac luculentissimis argumentis ostenderamus. Verum salutaria hæc nostra monita, quibus tantos populares motus compescere et populos ipsos ad quietis et tranquillitatis studia revocare nitebamur, pravis quorundam hominum desideriis, et machinationibus vehementer adversabantur. Itaque indefessi agitationum auctores, qui jam alteri ordinationi jussu nostro ab eodem cardinali ad rectam utilem-

* Prov. ii. 13.

que populi educationem promovendam editæ obstiterant, vix dum monita illa nostra noverunt, haud destitere contra ipsa ubique inclamare, et acrioriusque studio incautas multitudines commovere, eisque callidissime insinuare, ac persuadere, ne illi tranquillitati a nobis tantopere exoptatæ se umquam dare vellent, cum insidiosum in ea lateret consilium, ut populi quodammodo indormirent, atque ita in posterum duro servitutis jugo facilius opprimi possent. Atque ex eo tempore plurima scripta typis quoque edita, atque acerbissimis quibusque contumeliis, conviciis, minisque plenissima ad nos missa fuere, quæ oblivione sempiterna obruimus, flammisque tradidimus. Ut autem inimici homines fidem aliquam facerent falsis periculis, quæ in populum impendere clamitabant, haud reformidarunt mentitæ cujusdam conjurationis ab ipsis apposite excogitatæ rumorem, ac metum in vulgus spargere, ac turpissimo mendacio vociferari, ejusmodi conjurationem initam esse ad urbem Romam civili bello, cædibus ac funeribus funestandam, ut novis institutionibus penitus sublatis atque deletis, pristina gubernandi forma iterum revivisceret. Sed hujus falsissimæ conjurationis prætextu inimici homines eo spectabant, ut populi contemptum, invidiam, furorem contra quosdam lectissimos quoque viros virtute, religione præstantes, et ecclesiastica etiam dignitate insignes nefarie commoverent atque excitarent. Probe nostis, in hoc rerum aestu civicam militiam fuisse propositam, ac tanta celeritate collectam, ut rectæ illius institutioni et disciplinæ consuli minime potuerit.

Ubi primum ad publicæ administrationis prosperitatem magis magisque procurandam opportuno fore censuimus Status Consultationem instituere, inimici homines occasionem exinde statim arripuerunt, ut nova Gubernio vulnera imponerent ac simul efficerent, ut hujusmodi institutio, quæ publicis populorum rationibus magnæ utilitati esse poterat, in damnum, ac perniciem cederet. Et quoniam eorum opinio impune jam invaluerat, ea institutione et pontificii regiminis indolem, ac naturam immutari, et nostram auctoritatem consultorum judicio subijci, idcirco eo ipso die, quo illa Status Consultatio inaugurata fuit, haud omisimus turbulentos quosdam homines, qui consultores comitabantur, gravibus severisque verbis serio monere, eisque verum hujus institutionis finem clare aperteque manifestare. Verum perturbatores numquam desinebant deceptam populi partem majore usque impetu sollicitare, et quo facilius assecularum numerum habere, et augere possent, tum in pontificia nostra ditione, tum apud exterarum quoque gentes insigni prorsus impudentia atque audacia evulgabant, eorum opinionibus et consiliis nos plane assentire. Memineritis, venerabiles fratres, quibus verbis in nostra consistoriali allocutione die 4 mensis Octobris anno 1847, ad vos habita universos populos serio commonere, et exhortari haud omiserimus, ut ab ejusmodi veteratorum fraude studiosissime caverent. Interim vero pervicaces insidiarum et agitationum auctores, ut turbas metusque continenter alerent, et excitarent, mense Januario superioris anni incautorum animos inani externi belli rumore territabant, atque in vulgus spargebant, bellum idem internis conspirationibus et malitiosa gubernantium inertia foveri ac sustentatum iri. Nos ad tranquillandos animos, et insidiantium fallacias refellendas nulla quidem interposita mora die 10 Februarii ipsius anni voces

ejusmodi omnino falsas, et absurdas esse declaravimus illis nostris verbis, quæ omnes probe cognoscunt. Atque in eo tempore carissimis nostris subditis, quod hunc Deo bene juvante eveniet, prænuuntiamus futurum scilicet, ut innumerabiles filii ad communis omnium fidelium patris domum, ad ecclesiæ nempe statum propagandum convolarent, si arctissima illa grati animi vincula, quibus Italiæ principes, populi que intime inter se obstringi debebant, dissoluta fuissent, ac populi ipsi suorum principum sapientiam, eorumque jurium sanctitatem vereri, ac totis viribus tueri, et defendere neglexissent.

Etsi vero nostra illa verba nuper commemorata tranquillitatem brevi quidem temporis spatio iis omnibus attulere, quorum voluntas continuæ adversabatur perturbationi, nihil tamen valere apud infensissimos ecclesiæ, et humanæ societatis hostes, qui novas jam turbas, novos tumultus concitaverant. Siquidem calumniis insistentes, quæ ab ipsis, eorumque similibus contra religiosos viros divino ministerio addictos, et bene de ecclesiæ meritis disseminatæ fuerant, populares iras omni impetu adversus illos excitarunt, atque inflammaverunt. Neque ignoratis, venerabiles fratres, nihil valuisse nostra verba ad populum die 10 Martii superioris anni habita, quibus religiosam illam familiam ab exilio, et dispersione eripere magnopere studebamus.

Cum inter hæc notissimæ illæ rerum publicarum conversiones in Italia et Europa evenirent, nos iterum Apostolicam nostram attollentes vocem die 30 Martii ejusdem anni haud omisimus universos populos etiam atque etiam monere hortari, ut et Catholice Ecclesiæ libertatem vereri, et civilis societatis ordinem tegere, et omnium jura tueri, et sanctissimæ nostræ religionis præcepta exequi, et in primis Christianam in omnes caritatem exercere omnino studerent, quandoquidem si hæc ipsi agere neglexissent, pro certo haberent, quod Deus ostenderet, se populorum dominatorem esse.

Jam vero quisque vestrum plane noscit quomodo in Italiam Constitutionarii regiminis forma fuerit invecata, et quomodo Statutum a Nobis die 14 Martii superioris anni nostris subditis concessum in lucem prodierit. Cum autem implacabiles publicæ tranquillitatis, et ordinis hostes nihil antiquius haberent, quam omnia contra Pontificium Gubernium conari, et populum assiduus motibus, suspicionibus exagitare, tum qua scriptis in lucem editis, qua circulis, qua societatibus, et aliis quibusque artibus numquam intermittebant Gubernium atrociter calumniari, eique inertiae, doli, et fraudis notam inurere, licet Gubernium ipsum omni cura et studio in id incumberet, ut Statutum tantopere exoptatum majore, qua fieri posset, vulgaretur celeritate. Atque hic universo terrarum orbi manifestare volumus eo ipso tempore homines illos in suo constantes proposito subvertendi Pontificiam ditionem, totamque Italiam nobis proposuisse non jam constitutionis, sed Reipublicæ proclamationem, veluti unicum tum nostræ, tum ecclesiæ status incolumitatis perfugium atque præsidium. Subit adhuc nocturna illa hora, et versantur nobis ante oculos quidam homines, qui a fraudum architectis misere illusi, ac decepti illorum ea in re causam agere atque eandem Reipublicæ proclamationem nobis proponere non dubitabant. Quod quidem præter innumera alia, et gravissima argumenta magis magisque demonstrat, novarum institutionum petitiones, et progressum ab hujusmodi hominibus tantopere præ-

dicatum eo unice spectare, ut assiduæ foveantur agitationes, ut omnia justitiæ, virtutis, honestatis, religionis principia usquequaque penitus tollantur, atque horrendum et luctuosissimum, ac vel ipsi naturali rationi et juri maxime adversum *Socialismi*, vel etiam *Communismi*, uti appellant, systema cum maximo totius humanæ societatis detrimento, et exitio quaquaversus inducatur, propagetur, ac longe lateque dominetur.

Sed quamvis hæc teterrima conspiratio, vel potius hæc diuturna conspirationum series clara esset et manifesta, tamen, Deo sic permittente, multis illorum fuit ignota, quibus communis tranquillitas tot sane de causis cordi summopere esse debebat. Atque etsi indefessi barbarum moderatores gravissimam de se suspicionem darent, tamen non defuere quidam bonæ voluntatis homines, qui amicam illis manum præbuere, ea forsitan spe freti fore, ut eos ad moderationis et justitiæ semitam reducere possent.

Interim belli clamor per universam Italiam extemplo pervasit, quo Pontificiæ nostræ ditionis subditorum pars commota atque abrepta ad arma convolvit, ac nostræ voluntati obsistens ejusdem Pontificiæ ditionis fines prætergredi voluit. Nostis, venerabiles fratres, quomodo debitas tum Summi Pontificis, tum Supremi Principis partes obeuntes injustis illorum desideriis obstiterimus qui nos ad illud bellum gerendum prætrahere volebant, quique postulabant, ut inexpertam juventutem subitario modo collectam, ac militaris artis peritia et disciplina numquam excultam, et idoneis ductoribus bellicisque subsidiis destitutam ad pugnam, id est ad certam cædem compelleremus. Atque id a nobis expetebatur qui licet immerentes inscrutabili Divinæ providentiæ consilio ad Apostolicæ Dignitatis fastigium evecti, ac vicariam Christi Jesu hic in terris operam gerentes a Deo, qui est auctor pacis, et amator caritatis, missionem accepimus, ut omnes populos, gentes, nationes pari paterni amoris studio prosequentes, omnium saluti totis viribus consulamus, et non jam ut homines ad clades, mortemque impellamus. Quod si quicumque Princeps nonnisi justis de causis bellum agredi numquam potest, equis tam consilii, et rationis experts umquam erit, qui plane non videat, Catholicum orbem merito atque optimo jure longe majorem justitiam, gravioreque causas a Romano Pontifice requirere, si Pontificem ipsum alicui bellum indicere, et inferre conspiciat? Quamobrem nostra Allocutione die 29 Aprilis superiori anno ad vos habita palam, publiceque declaravimus, nos ab illo bello omnino esse alienos. Atque eodem tempore insidiosissimum profecto munus tum voce, tum scripto nobis oblatum, ac non solum personæ nostræ vel maxime injuriosum, verum etiam Italiæ perniciosissimum repudiavimus, rejecimus, ut scilicet Italiæ ejusdam Reipublicæ regimini præsidere vellemus. Equidem singulari Dei miseratione gravissimum loquendi, monendi, hortandique munus a Deo ipso nobis impositum implendum curavimus, atque adeo confidimus, nobis illud Isaïæ impropere non posse. *Væ mihi, quia taciui.* Utinam vero paternis nostris vocibus, monitis, hortationibus suas nostri omnes filii præbuisent aures!

Memineritis, venerabiles fratres, cui clamores, quique tumultus a turbulentissimæ factionis hominibus excitati fuere post allocutionem a nobis nunc commemoratam, et quomodo civile ministerium nobis fuerit impositum nostris quidem consiliis, ac principiis, et Apostolicæ Sedis juribus

summopere adversum. Nos quidem jam inde infelicem Italici belli exitum futurum animo prospeximus, dum unus ex illis ministris asserere non dubitabat, bellum idem, nobis licet invitis, ac reluctantibus, et absque Pontificia benedictione, esse duraturum. Qui quidem minister gravissimam Apostolicæ Sedi inferens injuriam haud extimuit proponere civilem Romani Pontificis Principatum a spirituali ejusdem potestate omnino esse separandum. Atque idem ipse haud multo post ea de nobis palam asserere non dubitavit, quibus Summum Pontificem ab humani generis consortio ejiceret quodammodo, et dissociaret. Justus et misericors Dominus voluit nos humiliare sub potenti manu ejus, cum permiserit, ut plures per menses veritas ex una parte, mendacium ex altera acerrimo inter se dimicarent certamine, cui attulit finem novi ministerii electio, quod postea alteri locum cessit, in quo ingenii laus cum peculiari tum publici ordinis tutandi, tum legum observandarum studio erat conjuncta. Verum effrænata pravarum cupiditatum licentia, et audacia in dies caput altius extollens longe grassabatur, ac Dei hominumque hostes diuturna, ac sæva dominandi, diripiendi, ac destruendi siti incensi nihil jam aliud optabant, quam jura quæque divina et humana subvertere, ut eorum desideria possent explere. Hinc machinationes jamdiu comparatæ palam, publiceque emicuere, et viæ humano sanguine respersæ, et sacrilegia numquam satis deploranda commissa, et inaudita prorsus violentia in Nostris ipsis Quirinalibus aedibus infando ausu nobis illata.

Quocirca tantis oppressi angustiis cum ne dum principis, sed ne Pontificis quidem partes libere obire possemus, non sine maxima animi nostri amaritudine a sede nostra discedere debuimus. Quæ luctuosissima facta in publicis nostris protestationibus enarrata hoc loco iterum recensere præterimus, ne funesta illorum recordatione communis noster recrudescent dolor. Ubi vero seditiosi homines nostras illas noverunt protestationes majore furentes audacia, et omnia omnibus minitantes, nulli neque fraudis, neque doli, neque violentiæ generi pepercerunt, ut bonis omnibus jam pavore prostratis majorem usque terrorem injicerent. Ac postquam novam illam Gubernii formam ab ipsis *Giunta di Stato* appellatam invexere, ac penitus sustulerunt duo consilia a nobis instituta, totis viribus allaborant, ut novum cogeretur consilium, quod *Constituentis Romanæ* nomine nuncupare voluerunt. Refugit quidem animus, ac dicere reformidat quibus, quantisque fraudibus ipsi usi fuerint, ut ejusmodi rem ad exitum perducerent. Hic vero haud possumus, quin meritis majori Pontificiæ ditionis magistratuum parti laudes tribuamus, qui proprii honoris et officii memores munere se abdicare maluerunt, quam ullo modo manum operi admove, quo eorum princeps, et amantissimus Pater legitimo suo civili principatu spoliabatur. Illud tandem consilium fuit coactum, et quidam Romanus advocatus vel in ipso suæ primæ orationis exordio ad congregatos habitæ, omnibus clare aperteque declaravit, quid ipse cunctique alii sui socii horribilis agitationis auctores sentirent, quid vellent, et quo spectarent. *Lex*, ut ille inquebat, *moralis progressus est imperiosa, et inexorabilis*, ac simul addebat, sibi, ceterisque jamdiu in animo fixum esse, temporale Apostolicæ Sedis dominium ac regimen funditus evertere, licet modis omnibus eorum desideriis a nobis fuisset obsecundatum. Quam declarationem

in hoc vestro consensu commemorare volumus, ut omnes intelligant, pravam hujusmodi voluntatem non conjectura, aut suspitione aliqua a nobis turbaturum auctoribus fuisse attributam, sed eam universo terrarum orbi palam publiceque ab illis ipsis manifestatam, quos vel ipse pudor ab eadem proferenda declaratione revocare debuisset. Non liberiores igitur institutiones, non utiliore publicæ administrationis procuracionem, non providas cujusque generis ordinationes hujusmodi homines cupiebant, sed civilem Apostolicæ Sedis principatum, potestatemque impetere, convellere, ac destruere omnino volebant. Ac ejusmodi consilium, quantum in ipsis fuit, ad exitum deduxerunt illo Romanæ, uti vocant, *Constituentis* decreto die 9 Februarii hujus anni edito, quo nescimus, an majori injustitia contra jura Romanæ Ecclesiæ, adjunctamque illis Apostolici obeundi muneris libertatem, vel majori subditorum Pontificiæ ditionis damno et calamitate, Romanos Pontifices a temporali Gubernio tum jure tum facto decidisse declararunt. Non levi quidem mœrore ob tam tristia facta confecti fuimus, venerabiles fratres, atque illud in primis vel maxime dolemus, quod urbs Roma Catholica veritatis et unitatis centrum, virtutis ac sanctitatis magistra per impiorum ad eam quotidie confluentium hominum operam, omnibus gentibus, populis, nationibus tantorum malorum auctrix appareat. Verumtamen in tanto animi nostri dolore pergratum nobis est posse affirmare, longe maximam tum Romani populi, tum aliorum Pontificiæ nostræ ditionis populorum partem nobis, et Apostolicæ sedi constanter addictam a nefariis illis machinationibus abhorruisse, licet tot tristium eventuum spectatrix extiterit. Summæ quoque consolationi nobis fuit episcoporum, et cleri Pontificiæ nostræ ditionis sollicitudo, que in mediis periculis, et omne genus difficultatibus ministerii et officii sui partes obire non destiterunt, ut populos ipsos qua voce, qua exemplo a motibus illis, nefariisque factionis consiliis averterent.

Nos certe in tanto rerum certamine, atque discrimine nihil intentatum reliquimus, ut publicæ tranquillitati, et ordini consulere. Multo enim tempore antequam tristissima illa Novembris facta evenirent, omni studio curavimus, ut Helvetiorum copiæ Apostolicæ Sedis servitio addictæ, atque in nostris provinciis degentes in urbem deducerentur, quæ tamen res contra nostram voluntatem ad exitum minime fuit perducta eorum opera, qui mense majore ministrorum munere fungebantur. Neque id solum, verum etiam ante illud tempus, nec non et postea tum publico præsertim Romæ ordini tuendo, tum inimicorum hominum audaciæ comprimendæ curas nostras convertimus ad alia militum præsidia comparanda, quæ, Deo ita permittente, ob rerum, ac temporum vicissitudines nobis defuere. Tandem post ipsa luctuosissima Novembris facta haud omisimus nostris litteris die quinta Januarii datis omnibus indigenis nostris militibus etiam atque etiam inculcare ut religionis, et militaris honoris memores juratam suo principi fidem custodirent, ac sedulam impenderent operam, quo ubique tum publica tranquillitas, tum debita erga legitimum Gubernium obedientia, ac devotio servaretur. Neque id tantum, verum etiam Helvetiorum copias Romam petere jussimus, quæ huic nostræ voluntati haudquaquam obsecutæ sunt, cum præsertim supremus illarum dux in hac re haud recte, atque honorifice se gesserit.

Atque interim factionis moderatores majore in

dies audacia, et impetu opus urgentes tum nostram personam, tum alios, qui nostro adherent lateri horrendis ejusque generis calumniis et contumeliis lacerare non intermittebant; ac vel ipsis Sacrosancti Evangelii verbis et sententiis nefarie abuti non dubitabant, ut in vestimentis ovium cum intrinsecus sint lupi rapaces, imperitam multitudinem ad prava quaeque eorum consilia, et molimina pertraherent, atque incautorum mentes falsis doctrinis imbuerent. Subditi vero temporali Apostolicae Sedis ditioni, et nobis immobili fide addicti merito atque optimo jure a nobis exposcebant, ut eos a tot gravissimis, quibus undique premebantur, angustiis, periculis, calamitatibus, et jacturis eriperemus. Et quoniam nonnulli ex ipsis reperiuntur qui nos veluti causam (innocuam licet) tantarum perturbationum suscipiunt, ideo isti animadvertant velimus, nos quidem ut primum ad Supremam Apostolicam Sedem evecti fuimus, paternas nostras curas et consilia quemadmodum supra declaravimus, eo certe intendisse, ut Pontificiae nostrae ditionis populos omni studio in meliorem conditionem adduceremus, sed inimicorum, ac turbulentorum hominum opera factum esse, ut consilia illa nostra in irritum cederent, contra vero factiosis ipsis, Deo permittente contigisse, ut ad exitum perducere possent quae a longo ante tempore moliri, ac tentare omnibus quibusque malitiae artibus nunquam destiterant. Itaque id ipsum, quod jam alias ediximus, hic iterum repetimus in tam gravi scilicet, ac luctuosa tempestate, qua universus fere terrarum orbis tantopere jactatur, Dei manum esse agnoscendam, Ejusque vocem audiendam, qui ejusmodi flagellis hominum peccata, et iniquitates punire solet, ut ipsi ad justitiae semitas redire festinent. Hanc igitur vocem audiant qui erraverunt a veritate, et derelinqentes vias suas convertantur ad Dominum; audiant etiam illi, qui in hoc tristissimo rerum statu magis de privatis propriis commodis quam de Ecclesiae bono, et rei Catholicae prosperitate solliciti sunt, ac meminerint nihil prodesse homini si *mundum universum lucretur, anima vero suae detrimentum patitur*; audiant et pii Ecclesiae filii, ac praestolantes in patientia salutare Dei, et majore usque studio emundantes conscientias suas ab omni inquinamento peccati, miserationes Domini implorare, Eique magis magisque placere, ac jugiter famulari contendant.

Atque inter haec nostra ardentissima desideria laud possumus eos non monere speciatim, et redarguere, qui decreto illi, quo Romanus Pontifex omni civilis sui imperii honore, ac dignitate est spoliatus, plaudunt, ac decretum idem ad ipsius Ecclesiae libertatem, felicitatemque procurandam vel maxime conducere asserunt. Hic autem palam publiceque profiteamur, nulla nos dominandi cupiditate, nullo temporalis principatus desiderio haec loqui, quandoquidem nostra indoles, et ingenium a quavis dominatione profecto est alienum. Verumtamen officii nostri ratio postulat, ut in civili Apostolicae Sedis Principatu tuendo jura possessionesque Sanctae Romanae Ecclesiae, atque ejusdem Sedis libertatem, quae cum totius Ecclesiae libertate, et utilitate est conjuncta totis viribus defendamus. Et quidem homines, qui commemorato plaudentes decreto tam falsa, et absurda affirmant, vel ignorant vel ignorare simulant, singulari prorsus divinae providentiae consilio factum esse, ut Romano imperio in plura regna, variasque ditiones diviso, Romanus Pontifex, cui a Christo Domino totius Ecclesiae regi-

men, et cura fuit commissa civilem principatum hac sane de causa haberet, ut ad ipsam Ecclesiam regendam, ejusque unitatem tuendam plena illa potiretur libertate, quae ad Supremi Apostolici ministerii munus obeundum requiritur. Namque omnibus compertum est, fideles populos, gentes, regna numquam plenam fiduciam, et observantiam esse praestitura Romano Pontifici, si illum alicujus principis, vel Gubernii dominio subjectum, ac minime liberum esse conspicerent. Siquidem fideles populi, et regna vehementer suspicari, ac vereri numquam desinerent, ne Pontifex idem sua acta ad illius principis vel gubernii, in cujus ditione versaretur, voluntatem conformaret, atque ideo actis illis hoc praetextu saepius refragari non dubitarent. Et quidem dicant vel ipsi hostes civilis principatus Apostolicae Sedis, qui nunc Romae dominantur, quanam, fiducia, et observantia ipsi essent excepturi hortationes, monita, mandata, constitutiones summi Pontificis, cum illum cujusvis principis, aut gubernii, imperio subditum esse cognoscerent, praesertim vero si cui subesset principi, inter quem et Romanam ditionem diuturnum aliquid ageretur bellum?

Interea nemo non videt quibus quantisque vulneribus in ipsis Pontificiae ditionis regionibus immaculata Christi Sponsa nunc afficiatur, quibus vinculis, qua turpissima servitute magis magisque opprimatur, quantisque angustiis visibile illius Caput obruatur. Equis enim ignorat, nobis communicationem cum urbe Roma, illiusque nobis carissimo clero, et universo Pontificiae ditionis Episcopatu, ceterisque fidelibus ita esse praepeditam, ut ne epistolas quidem de ecclesiasticis licet, ac spiritualibus negotiis agentes vel mittere, vel accipere libere possimus? Quis nescit, urbem Romam principem Catholicae Ecclesiae Sedem in praesentia prohi dolor! silvam fremantium bestiarum esse factam, cum ea omnium nationum hominibus redundet, qui vel apostatae, vel haeretici, vel *Communismi* uti dicunt, aut *Socialismi* magistri, ac summo contra Catholicam veritatem odio animati tum voce, tum scriptis, tum aliis quibusque modis omnigenos pestiferos errores docere, disseminare, omniumque mentes et animos pervertere conantur, ut in urbe ipsa, si fieri umquam posset, Catholicae religionis sanctitas, et irreformabilis fidei regula depravetur? Cui jam notum, auditumque non est, in Pontificia ditione, Ecclesiae bona, redditus, possessiones ausu temerario et sacrilego occupatas, augustissima templa suis ornamentis nudata, religiosa coenobia in profanos usus conversa, virgines Deo sacras vexatas, lectissimos, atque integerrimos ecclesiasticos, religiososque viros crudeliter insectatos, in vincula conjectos, et occisos, sacros clarissimos antistites vel ipsa cardinalitia dignitate insignes a propriis gregibus dure avulsos, et in carcerem abreptos?

Atque haec tanta facinora contra Ecclesiam, ejusque jura libertatem admittuntur tum in Pontificiae ditionis locis, tum alibi, ubi homines illi, vel eorum similes dominantur, eo scilicet tempore, quo iidem ipsi libertatem ubique proclamant, ac sibi in votis esse configunt, ut suprema Summi Pontificis potestas a quovis prorsus vinculo expedita omni libertate fruatur.

Jam porro neminem latet in qua tristissima, ac deploranda conditione carissimi nostri versentur subditi eorundem hominum opera, qui tanta adversus Ecclesiam flagitia committunt. Publicum enim aerarium dissipatum exhaustum, commercium intermissum ac pene extinctum, ingentes pecuniae summae optimatibus viris aliisque impo-

sitæ, privatorum bona ab illis, qui se populorum rectores et effrenatarum cohortium ductores appellant, direpta, bonorum omnium tremefacta libertas, eorumque tranquillitas in summum discrimen adducta, ac vita ipsa sicarii pugioni subiecta et alia maxima et gravissima mala ac damna, quibus continentur cives tantopere affliguntur atque terrentur. Hæc scilicet sunt illius prosperitatis initia, quam Summi Pontificatus osoros Pontificiæ ditionis populis annunciant, atque promittunt.

In magno igitur, et incredibili dolore, quo ob tantas tum Ecclesiæ, tum Pontificiæ nostræ ditionis populorum calamitates intime excruciamur, probe noscentes officii nostri rationem omnino postulare, ut ad calamitates ipsas amovendas ac propulsandas omnia conaremur, jam inde a die quarta Decembris proximi superioris anni omnium principum, et nationum opem, auxiliumque implorare, et exposcere haud omisimus. Ac nobis temperare non possumus, quin vobiscum, venerabiles fratres, nunc communicemus singularem illam consolationem, qua affecti fuimus, cum iidem principes, et populi etiam illi, qui Catholicæ unitatis vinculo nobis minime sunt conjuncti, propensissimam eorum erga nos voluntatem luculentis sane modis testari, ac declarare studuerint. Quod quidem dum acerbissimum animi nostri dolorem mirifice lenit, atque solatur, magis magisque demonstrat quomodo Deus Ecclesiæ suæ sanctæ semper propitius assistat. Atque in eam spem erigimur fore, ut omnes intelligant, gravissima illa mala, quibus in hac tanta temporum asperitate populi, ac regna vexantur, ex sanctissimæ nostræ religionis contemptu suam duxisse originem, nec aliunde solatium, ac remedium habere posse, quam ex divina Christi doctrina, Ejusque sancta Ecclesia, quæ virtutum omnium fecunda parens, et alitrix, atque expultrix vitiorum, dum homines ad omnem veritatem ac justitiam instituit, eosque mutua caritate constringit, publico civilis societatis bono, et ordini mirandum in modum consulit, ac prospicit.

Postquam vero omnium principum opem imploravimus, ab Austria, quæ Pontificiæ nostræ ditioni ad Septentrionem finitima est, auxilium eo sane libentius efflagitavimus, quod ipsa non solum temporali Apostolicæ Sedis dominio tuendo egregiam suam semper operam navaverit, verum etiam quod nunc ea profecto spes affulgeat fore, ut ab illo imperio juxta ardentissima nostra desideria, justissimasque nostras postulationes notissima quædam eliminentur principia ab Apostolica Sede perpetuo improbata, ac propterea inibi Ecclesia in suam restituatur libertatem cum maximo illorum fidelium bono, atque utilitate. Quod quidem dum non mediocri animi nostri consolatione significamus plane non dubitamus, quin id vobis non leve afferat gaudium.

Idem auxilium a Gallica natione expostulavimus, quam singulari paterni animi nostri benevolentia, et effectum prosequimur, cum illius nationis clerus, populusque fidelis omnibus quibusque filialis devotionis et observantiæ significationibus nostras calamitates, et angustias lenire, ac solari tuduerit.

Hispaniæ quoque opem invocavimus, quæ de nostris angustis vehementer anxia, atque sollicita alias Catholicas nationes primum excitavit, ut filiali quodam fœdere inter se inito communem fidelium Patrem ac supremum Ecclesiæ Pastorem in propriam sedem reducere contenderent.

Hanc denique opem ab utriusque Siciliæ regno efflagitavimus, in quo hospitamur apud illius regem, qui in veram solidamque suorum populorum felicitatem promovendam totis viribus incumbens tanta religione, ac pietate refulget, ut suis ipsis populis exemplo esse possit. Etsi vero nullis verbis exprimere possimus quanta cura, et studio idem princeps eximiam suam filialem in nos devotionem omnium officiorum genere, et egregiis factis assidue testari, et confirmare letatur, tamen præclara ejusdem principis in nos merita nulla unquam delebit oblivio. Neque taciti ullo modo præterire possumus pietatis, amoris, et obsequii significationes quibus ejusdem regni clerus, et populus nos prosequi numquam destitit ex quo re num ipsum attigimus.

Quamobrem in eam spem erigimur fore, ut, Deo bene juvante, Catholicæ illæ gentes Ecclesiæ, ejusque summi Pontificis communis omnium fidelium Patris causam præ oculis habentes ad civilem Apostolicæ Sedis principatum vindicandum, ad pacem, et tranquillitatem subditis nostris restituendam quamprimum accurrere properent, ac futurum confidimus, ut sanctissimæ nostræ religionis, et civilis societatis hostes ab urbe Roma, totoque Ecclesiæ statu amoveantur. Atque id ubi contigerit, omni certe vigilantia, studio, contentione a nobis erit curandum ut illi omnes errores, et gravissima propulsentur scandala, quæ cum bonis omnibus tam vehementer dolere debuimus. Atque in primis vel maxime allaborandum, ut hominum mentes, ac voluntates impiorum fallaciis, insidiis, et fraudibus miserandum in modum deceptæ collustrentur sempiternæ veritatis lumine, quo homines ipsi funestissimos errorum, et vitiorum fructus agnoscant, atque ad virtutis, justitiæ, et religionis semitas, amplectendas excitentur, et inflammentur. Optime enim noscitis, venerabiles fratres, horrenda illa, et omnigena opinionum monstra quæ ex abyssi puteo ad exitum, et vastitatem emersa longe jam lateque cum maximo religionis, civilisque societatis detrimento invaluerunt, ac debacchantur. Quas perveras, pestiferasque doctrinas inimici homines seu voce, seu scriptis, seu publicis spectaculis in vulgus disseminare numquam intermittunt, ut effrenata ejusque impietatis, cupiditatis, libidinis licentia magis in dies augeatur, et propagetur. Hinc porro illæ omnes calamitates, exitia, et luctus, quibus humanum genus, ac universus fere terrarum orbis tantopere est funestatus, et funestatur. Neque ignoratis ejusmodi bellum contra sanctissimam nostram religionem in ipsa quoque Italia nunc geratur, quibusque fraudibus, et machinationibus teterrimipsum religionis, et civilis societatis hostes imperitorum præsertim animos a fidei sanctitate, sanaque doctrina avertere, eosque æstuantibus incredulitatis fluctibus demergere, atque ad gravissima quæque peragenda facinora compellere conentur. Atque ut facilius eorum consilia ad exitum perducere, et horribiles ejusque seditionis, et perturbationis motus excitare, ac fovere possint hæreticorum hominum vestigiis inhaerentes, suprema Ecclesiæ auctoritate omnino despecta, plane non dubitant sacrarum Scripturarum verba, testimonia, sententias privato proprio, pravoque sensu invocare, interpretari, invertere, detorquere, ac per summam impietatem sanctissimo Christi nomine nefarie abuti non reformidant. Neque eos pudet palam publiceque asserere, tum ejusque sanctissimi juramenti violationem, tum quamlibet scelestam flagitiosamque actionem sempiternæ ipsi

naturæ legi repugnantem non solum haud esse improbandam, verum etiam omnino licitam, summisque laudibus efferendum, quando id pro patriæ amore, ut ipsi dicunt, agatur. Quo impio ac præpostero argumentandi genere ab ejusmodi hominibus omnis prorsus honestas, virtus, justitia penitus tollitur, atque nefanda ipsius latronis, et sicarii agendi ratio per inauditam impudentiam defenditur et commendatur.

Ad ceteras innumeras fraudes, quibus Catholicæ Ecclesiæ inimici continenter utuntur, ut incautos præsertim et imperitos ab ipsius Ecclesiæ sinu avellant, et abripiant, acerrimæ etiam, ac turpissimæ accedunt calumniæ, quas in personam nostram intendere, et comminisci non erubescunt. Nos quidem nullis licet nostris meritis illius hic in terris vicariam gerentes operam, *qui cum malediceretur non maledicebat, cum pateretur non comminabatur*, acerbissima quæque convicia in omni patientia, ac silentio perferre, et pro persequentibus, et calumniantibus nos orare numquam omisimus. Verum cum debitores simus sapientibus, et insipientibus, omniumque saluti consulere debeamus, haud possumus, quin ad præcavendam præsertim infirmorum offensionem, in hoc vestro consensu a nobis rejiciamus falsissimam illam, et omnium teterrimam calumniam, quæ contra personam humilitatis nostræ per recentissimas quasdam ephemeridas est evulgata. Etsi vero incredibili horrore affecti fuimus ubi illud commentum legimus, quo inimici homines nobis, et Apostolicæ Sedi grave vulnus inferre commoluntur, tamen nullo modo vereri possumus, ne ejusmodi turpissima mendacia vel leviter offendantur, queant supremam illam veritatis cathedram, et nos, qui nullo meritorum suffragio in ea collocati sumus. Et quidem singulari Dei misericordia divinis illis nostri redemptoris verbis uti possumus—*Ego palam loquutus sum mundo . . . et in occulto loquutus sum nihil*. Atque hic, venerabiles fratres, opportunum ducimus ea ipsa iterum dicere et inculcare, quæ in nostra præsertim Allocutione ad vos die 17 Decembris Anno 1847, habita declaravimus, inimicos scilicet homines, quo facilius veram, germanamque Catholicæ religionis doctrinam corrumpere, aliosque decipere, et in errorem inducere queant, omnia comminisci, omnia moliri, omnia conari, ut vel ipsa Apostolica Sedes eorum stultitiæ particeps et fautrix quodammodo appareat. Nemini autem ignotum est, quæ tenebrosissimæ, æque ac perniciosissimæ societates, et sectæ a fabricatoribus mendacii, et perversorum dogmatum cultoribus fuerint variis temporibus coactæ, et institutæ, ac variis nominibus appellatæ, quo eorum deliramenta, systemata, molimina in aliorum animos tutius instillarent, incautorum corda corrumpere, ac latissimam quibusque sceleribus impune patrandis viam munirent. Quas abominabiles perditionis sectas non solum animarum saluti, verum etiam civilis societatis bono et tranquillitati vel maxime infestas atque a Romanis Pontificibus Decessoribus nostris damnatas nos ipsi jugiter detestati sumus, ac nostris encyclicis litteris die 9 Novembris Anno 1846 ad universos Catholicæ Ecclesiæ Antistites datis condemnavimus, et nunc pariter suprema nostra Apostolica Auctoritate iterum damnamus prohibemus, atque proscribimus.

At hac nostra allocutione haud sane volumus vel omnes errores enumerare, quibus populi misere decepti ad tantas impelluntur ruinas, vel singulas percensere machinationes, quibus inimici homines,

et Catholicæ religionis perniciem moliri, et arcem Sion usquequaque impetere, et invadere contendunt. Quæ hactenus dolenter commemoravimus satis superque ostendunt ex perversis grassantibus doctrinis, atque ex justitiæ, et religionis contemptu eas oriri calamitates, et exitia, quibus nationes, et gentes tantopere jactantur. Ut igitur tanta amoveantur damna, nullis neque curis, neque consiliis, neque laboribus, neque vigiliis est parcendum, quo tot perversis doctrinis radicitus evulsis, omnes intelligant, veram, solidamque felicitatem virtutis, justitiæ, ac religionis exercitio inniti. Itaque et nobis, et vobis, atque aliis venerabilibus fratribus totius Catholici orbis Episcopis summa cura, studio, contentione in primis est allaborandum, et fideles populi ab venenatis pascuis amoti, atque ad salutaria deducti, ac magis in dies enutriti verbis fidei et insidiantium hominum fraudes, et fallacias agnoscant, devitent, ac plane intelligentes, timorem Domini bonorum omnium esse fontem, et peccata atque iniquitates provocare Dei flagella, studeant omni cura declinare a malo, et facere bonum. Quocirca inter tantas angustias non levi certe lætitia perfundimur, cum noscamus quanta animi firmitate, et constantia venerabiles fratres Catholici orbis Antistites nobis, et Petri Cathedræ firmiter addicti una cum obsequente sibi Clero ad Ecclesiæ causam tuendam, ejusque libertatem propugnandam strenue committantur, et qua sacerdotali cura, et studio omnem impendant operam, quo et bonos magis magisque in bonitate confirmant, et errantes ad justitiæ semitas reducant, et perveraces religionis hostes tum voce, tum scriptis redarguant, atque refellant. Dum autem has meritis, debitasque laudes ipsis venerabilibus fratribus tribuere lætamur, eisdem animos addimus, ut divino auxilio freti pergant alacriori usque zelo ministerium suum implere, ac præliari prælia Domini, et exaltare vocem in sapientia, et fortitudine ad evangelizandam Jerusalem, ad sanandas contritiones Israel. Juxta hæc non desinant adire cum fiducia ad thronum gratiæ, ac publicis, privatisque precibus insistere, et fidelibus populis sedulo inculcare, ut omnes ubique pœnitentiam agant, quo misericordiam a Deo consequantur, et gratiam inveniant in auxilio opportuno. Nec vero intermittant viros ingenio, sanaque doctrina præstantes hortari, ut ipsi quoque sub eorum, et Apostolicæ Sedis ductu populorum mentes illustrare, et serpentium errorum tenebras dissipare studeant.

Hic etiam carissimos in Christo filios nostros populorum principes, et rectores obtestamur in Domino atque ab ipsis exposcimus, ut serio, ac sedulo considerantes quæ, et quanta damna ex tot errorum ac vitiorum colluvie in civilem societatem redundent, omni cura, studio, consilio in id potissimum incumbere velint, ut virtus, justitia, religio ubique dominantur, ac majora in dies incrementa suscipiant. Atque universi populi, gentes, nationes, earumque moderatores assidue, ac diligenter cogitent, et meditentur, omnia bona in justitiæ exercitio consistere, omnia vero mala ex iniquitate prodire. Siquidem *justitia elevat gentem, miseros autem facit populos peccatum*.*

Antequam autem dicendi finem faciamus, haud possumus, quin gratissimi animi nostri sensus illis omnibus carissimis, atque amantissimis filiis palam publiceque testemur, qui de nostris calamitatibus vehementer solliciti singulari prorsus erga nos pietatis affectu suas nobis oblationes mittere voluerunt. Etsi vero piæ hujusmodi largitiones

* Prov. xiv. 34.

non leve nobis afferant solatium, tamen fateri debemus, paternum cor nostrum non mediocri angustia, cum summopere timeamus, ne in tristissima hac rerum publicarum conditione iidem carissimi filii suæ in nos caritati nimium indulgentes, largitiones ipsas proprio etiam incommodo, ac detrimento facere velint.

Denique, venerabiles fratres, nos quidem investigabilibus sapientiæ Dei consiliis, quibus gloriam suam operatur, plane acquiescentes; dum in humilitate cordis nostri maximas Deo agimus gratias, quod nos dignos habuerit pro nomine Jesu contumeliam pati, et aliqua ex parte conformes fieri imagini passionis ejus, parati sumus in omni fide, spe, patientia, et mansuetudine acerbissimos quosque labores, ærumnas perferre, atque ipsam animam nostram pro Ecclesia ponere, si per nostrum sanguinem ipsius Ecclesiæ calamitatibus consulere possemus. Interim vero, venerabiles fratres, ne intermittamus dies, noctesque assiduus, fervidisque precibus divitem in misericordia Deum humiliter orare, et obsecrare, ut per merita Unigeniti Filii sui omnipotentis sua dextera Ecclesiam suam sanctam a tantis, quibus jactatur procellis, eripiat, utque divinæ suæ gratiæ lumine omnium errantium mentes illustret, et in multitudine misericordiæ suæ omnium prævaricantium corda expugnet, quo cunctis ubique erroribus depulsis, cunctisque amotis adversitatibus, omnes veritatis, et justitiæ lucem adspiciant, agnoscant, atque occurrant in unitatem fidei, et agnitionis Domini nostri Jesu Christi. Atque ab ipso, qui facit pacem in sublimibus, quique est pax nostra, suppliciter etiam exposcere numquam desinamus, ut malis omnibus, quibus christiana respublica vexatur, penitus avulsis, optatissimam ubique pacem, et tranquillitatem facere velit. Ut vero facilius annuat Deus precibus nostris suffragatores apud eum adhibeamus, atque in primis sanctissimam immaculatam Virginem Mariam, quæ Dei mater, et nostra, quæque mater misericordiæ, quod quærit invenit, et frustrari non potest. Suffragia quoque imploremus Beati Petri Apostolorum Principis, et Coapostoli ejus Pauli, omniumque Sanctorum coelitem, qui jam facti amici Dei cum ipso regnant in cælis, ut elementissimus Dominus eorum intervenientibus meritis ac precibus fidelem populum ab iracundiæ suæ terroribus liberet, semperque protegat, ac divinæ suæ propitiationis abundantia lætificet.

CAPTURE OF ROME BY THE FRENCH.

AFTER endless delays, and repeated bombardments of the walls of Rome, the French are at last masters of the Holy City, and have proclaimed Pius IX. as its sovereign.

About nine o'clock on the 29th of June a thunderstorm, with very heavy rain, came on, which lasted till nearly midnight. This seems to have had the effect of throwing the Roman troops off their guard; for shortly after twelve o'clock a body of the French infantry escalated the bastion immediately to the left of the gate of St. Pancrazio, against which the fire of their breaching batteries had for so many days been directed. Two columns of attack, one from the trenches in front, and another from the rampart already in possession of the former, rushed forward at the same moment, at three o'clock in the morning, and, after a sharp struggle with the garrison, secured a firm footing. The position was defended by 1200 men, who fought for

a few minutes with desperation; but the blood of the French soldier was up after so long a delay before the place, and all opposition was borne down. Four hundred of the garrison were bayoneted on the spot, and 230 prisoners taken; the French losing at the same time 60 killed and probably 100 wounded.

The third regiment of Roman infantry was entrusted with the defence at this point; but its officers abandoned their post, and the men, of course, followed their example. They form part of the old Pontifical troops, and are supposed to bear a better liking to his Holiness Pope Pius IX. than to the Roman Republic. However it was, the French made themselves masters of this bastion, and immediately proceeded to entrench themselves in it under the guidance of their engineers. Not only this, but several companies of their light infantry surprised the Villa Spada, lately occupied as Garibaldi's headquarters, a house lying between the fountain of the Acqua Paola and the gate of St. Pancrazio. The French were thus in possession of the line of wall from this gate to the south-western angle of the Trans-everine face; and the interior line of entrenchments constructed by the Romans within the walls was menaced, and perhaps rendered untenable. However, at five p.m., June 30, a courier arrived from the city at the camp with a despatch from General Roselli to General Oudinot, communicating to him the following resolution, voted by the National Assembly in the course of the same day:—

In the name of God and the People.

The National Assembly declares that all further resistance is impossible.

The Triumvirate are charged with the execution of the present decree.

Rome, June 30.

In the course of another hour or two a second courier arrived, with a request on the part of the Municipality of Rome that a deputation from that body might be received by the Commander-in-chief. The Municipality at the same time stated that the city was ready to surrender at once, provided that General Oudinot would undertake that the French Government should recognise the Roman Republic. This condition was, of course, inadmissible; and two days appear to have been spent in negotiation. At length, on the 3d of July, the French troops entered Rome, the city surrendering at discretion.

General Oudinot, without delay, sent the keys of the city to the Pope at Gaeta, who returned the following reply:

Monsieur le Général,—The well-known valour of the French troops, supported by the justice of the cause which they defended, has reaped its fruit—its just and due victory. Accept my congratulations for the chief part which you have played in this event—congratulations not for the blood which has been shed, which my heart abhors, but for the triumph of order over anarchy, for the liberty restored to honest people and Christians, for whom it will no longer be held as a crime that they should enjoy those bounties which God has bestowed on them, and now they can celebrate his worship with religious pomp, without incurring the risk of life or liberty. With respect to the serious difficulties which may eventually occur, I confide in the Divine protection. I think that it may be useful that the French envoy should be made acquainted with the history of the events which have passed during my pontificate. You will find these events recorded in the allocution, of which I forward several copies, that you may distribute them to whomsoever you may think fit. This document will

afford proof that the French army have triumphed over the enemies of the human race, and this triumph should therefore awaken sentiments of gratitude in the heart of every honest man in Europe and the whole world. Colonel Niel, who brought me your highly honoured letter, and the keys of one of the gates of Rome, will be the bearer of this.

Garibaldi, with about 4000 men, marched out of Rome the day previous to the entrance of the French. On the first day of the occupation, several assassinations took place, in consequence of which General Rostolan, who had been appointed Governor of Rome by General Oudinot, issued a proclamation, containing the following articles :

1. All meetings in the public ways are forbidden, and they shall be dispersed by force.

2. The "retreat" shall be beaten by nine in the evening, and all circulation in the city shall cease at half-past nine, and all places of reunion shall then be closed.

3. Such clubs as, contrary to the proclamation of the General-in-Chief, may not yet be closed, shall be shut by force, and the most rigorous course shall be directed against the proprietors of the places where they may be held.

4. All violence, all insults towards our soldiers, or the persons who communicate quietly with them, and all attempts to interfere with the appointments of the army, shall be instantly punished in an exemplary manner.

5. Medical men and public functionaries shall alone pass freely during the night, but they must be provided with a free pass from our military authorities, and be accompanied from post to post to the place of their destination.

The Constituent Assembly has been dissolved *de facto*. The members, on arriving at their usual place of meeting, found it guarded by soldiers. Prince Canino exhibited his insignia to the officer in command, who laughed in his face. The President then protested, but was not listened to. On the 6th, proceedings were instituted to discover the murderers of Count Rossi.

Mazzini, it is said, has taken refuge on board the British steamer the Bulldog. Prince Canino has arrived in France.

THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT AND THE FRENCH INTERVENTION IN ROME.

A MASS of correspondence respecting the affairs of Rome has been presented to both Houses of Parliament. The following are the most important passages of the series :

Viscount Palmerston to the Marquis of Normanby.

(Extract.) Foreign Office, Jan. 5, 1849.

In regard to the present position of the Pope, I have to observe, that no doubt it is obviously desirable that a person who, in his spiritual capacity, has great and extensive influence over the internal affairs of most of the countries in Europe, should be in such a position of independence as not to be liable to be used by any one European power as a political instrument for the annoyance of any other power; and in this view it is much to be wished that the Pope should be sovereign of a territory of his own.

On the other hand, if it be admitted as a general principle, that questions and differences between the people and the sovereign of each State should be left to be settled by those parties without the interference of any foreign armed force, it is not easy to see, in the peculiar position of the Pope with regard to his subjects, what should make the Roman States an exception to this general rule.

The main circumstance in which the relations be-

tween the Pope and his subjects differ from the relations which subsist between other sovereigns and their subjects is, that the Pope does not reign either by hereditary right or by the choice of the people whom he governs, but that he is elected by the College of Cardinals, a body which is not in its constitution national, which is, I believe, self-elected, and of which about half are not natives of the State for which they choose the sovereign.

These circumstances would seem to render it the more incumbent on the Pope to give to his subjects the requisite securities for good government, and these circumstances would also appear to render it the less justifiable for any foreign powers to use armed interference in order to assist the Pope in maintaining, if he were so disposed, a bad system of government.

In a second letter, dated January 28th, Lord Palmerston views with much regret the proposal of Austria to France for a military restoration of the Pope, and advises negotiation :

With respect to the attitude which Great Britain would in any case assume in regard to these affairs, your Excellency will say, that the attitude of this country would be that of observation, and that Great Britain could take no part in such matters beyond expressing, if it should appear to be necessary, the opinion which her Majesty's Government might entertain thereupon.

Again, on March 9th, he says :

Foreign Office, March 9, 1849.

Although Great Britain has not so direct an interest as France has in the ecclesiastical and political questions which arise out of the present relations between the Pope and the people of the Roman States, the British Government, nevertheless, cannot view those matters with indifference. Great Britain is indeed a Protestant State, but her Majesty has many millions of Catholic subjects; and the British Government must therefore be desirous, with a view to British interests, that the Pope should be placed in such a temporal position as to be able to act with entire independence in the exercise of his spiritual functions.

Prince Castelcicala to Viscount Palmerston.

London, Feb. 2, 1849.

The afflictions suffered by the Supreme Pontiff, an exile from his capital and sheltered at Gaeta, are a source of just sorrow to the Catholic world, and they produce an anxious and universal desire to see his Holiness promptly restored to his former independence and dignity.

Under such circumstances, the Government of Madrid has judged fit to take a step wholly Catholic; it has proposed the meeting of a Congress, in order to regulate definitively the serious questions of Rome. For this object it has invited the Governments of France, Austria, the Two Sicilies, Portugal, Bavaria, Sardinia, and Tuscany, in all of which the dominant religion is the Catholic; and it has indicated Madrid, or any other Spanish city on the shore of the Mediterranean, as the possible site for the conferences.

The Duke of Rivas, Ambassador of Spain at the court of the Two Sicilies, in a letter dated the 2d day of January last, informed his Sicilian Majesty's Government of the above circumstances.

In the mean time his Holiness, to whom the same information has been communicated through the proper diplomatic channel, observed that it was more expedient that the congress should be assembled near his person, as principally interested in the matter. He observed that Madrid, or any other Spanish city, would be perhaps remote and unsuitable to the urgency of circumstances, and to the indispensable rapidity of communications; and he instructed his Nuncio at Madrid to communicate these observations to the Spanish Government.

The King of the Two Sicilies has applauded the noble idea of a congress, whose object would be to restore to

the head of the Catholic Church the independent exercise of his elevated and sacred functions. But, with respect to the site for the conferences, in conformity with the wishes expressed by his Holiness, he has offered Naples as the place of meeting; Naples, which is now the most tranquil of the cities of Italy, which is very near to Gaeta, and which has at this time residing in it the majority of the Cardinals of the Sacred College, and of the most distinguished personages of the Court of Rome.

His Sicilian Majesty has, moreover, thought necessary, and he formally demands, the participation of England, Russia, and Prussia in the said congress; the presence of those great powers being strongly demanded in a discussion which (besides the very important object of religion) may have a powerful influence on the political circumstances and on the harmony of the Two Sicilies and of all Italy.

CASTELGICALA.

To the above, Lord Palmerston states in reply:

That the Government of his Sicilian Majesty only does justice to the Government of her Majesty, in supposing that her Majesty's Government would feel great pleasure in contributing, as far as they might properly be able to do so, to bring about such an amicable arrangement of the differences existing between the Pope and his subjects, as might enable the Pope to return to Rome, and might also restore permanent contentment and tranquillity to the Roman States.

Her Majesty's Government, however, have not received any specific application on this subject from the Pope; and until such application is made, they are unable to say what steps, if any, her Majesty's Government might think it expedient to take in regard to these matters.

We subjoin the remainder of Lord Palmerston's despatch, addressed, March 9th, to Lord Normanby:

The present condition of the relations between the Pope and the people of his States has been looked at with deep solicitude by her Majesty's Government. It would have been the earnest wish of her Majesty's Government, both on general principles and with reference to the particular circumstances of the case, that the differences between the Pope and his subjects should have been adjusted by negotiation, either between the Pope and his subjects directly, or by means of the interposition of friendly powers. A direct negotiation between the Pope and his subjects seems now to have been rendered impossible by the course of events at Rome, and by the tendency of those counsels which, there is reason to think, are suggested to the Pope by the persons who surround him at Gaeta. But her Majesty's Government did not see, even in the recent occurrences at Rome, any reason for giving up the hope that the diplomatic interposition of friendly Powers might still, without any actual employment of military force, bring about such a settlement of differences as would enable the Pope to return to Rome and to resume his temporal authority; and her Majesty's Government, deprecating as they do, on principle, the employment of a foreign military force to settle internal dissensions in a State except in extreme and peculiar cases, would greatly rejoice if the Powers to whom the Pope has now appealed for assistance to extricate him from his difficulties, were to try the effect of their moral influence at Rome, before they resorted to any other more active measures.

It seems to her Majesty's Government, that a strong and unanimous manifestation of the opinion of those Powers in support of order on the one hand, and of constitutional rights on the other, would bring to reason the minority who now exercise paramount authority at Rome; and would give courage and confidence to the majority who have been hitherto intimidated and overborne; and if Great Britain had been invited to be a party to these negotiations, and if an invitation to that effect had been accepted, such would have been the

course which her Majesty's Government would have recommended that the parties to the transaction should pursue.

Her Majesty's Government have learnt with much pleasure that France has been included in the invitation addressed by the Pope to some of the Catholic Powers, requesting them to take an active interest in the present condition of his affairs; and her Majesty's Government hope that if there is to be a concert among any of the Powers of Europe in regard to those affairs, the French Government will not decline the invitation to be a party thereto. There are many very obvious reasons why in several points of view it would be desirable that these matters should not be disposed of without the participation of France.

Your Excellency says that the French Government would have preferred that Sardinia should have been invited to take part in these deliberations. Her Majesty's Government are entirely of the same opinion.

The participation of Sardinia would mitigate the foreign character of the negotiation; and if a contingency were to arise which should lead to the employment of any military force within the Roman territory, Piedmontese troops would for many evident reasons be better suited for such purpose than the troops of Austria, or of any State not belonging to the Italian peninsula.

The opinion, then, of her Majesty's Government upon the points on which the Government of France has wished to have it is, that it would be desirable that France should be a party to the proposed deliberations, and that Sardinia should take part in them also; that it would be desirable that every endeavour should be made to bring about a settlement between the Pope and his subjects by negotiation and by moral influence before resorting to the employment of force; and that one condition of the reinstatement of the Pope ought to be, that he should engage to maintain in their main and essential provisions the constitutional and representative institutions which he granted to his subjects last year.

The Apostolic Nuncio to the Marquis of Normanby.

Paris, March 6, 1849.

M. le Marquis,—In consequence of the serious events which have succeeded each other at Rome, the Holy Father has found himself under the necessity of addressing to the Powers friendly to him a formal invitation to co-operate for the re-establishment of the authority of the Pontifical Government, as the only means of checking the anarchy which oppresses the States of the Church; and I am desired by express order from his Holiness to transmit herewith to your Excellency the copy of a note from his Eminence the Cardinal Secretary of State, and to request you to bring it under the notice of her Britannic Majesty's Government, and to unite with it your good offices for the accomplishment of the objects which the Holy Father has in view.

His Holiness hopes to find in the dispositions of the friendly Powers an effectual assistance which may satisfy the wishes and the reiterated prayers of an immense majority of his faithful subjects, all asking to be relieved from the violence and oppression to which they have been subjected by an audacious and impious faction.

The Holy Father, who has been much affected by the interest and sympathy which her Majesty the Queen of England, your august Sovereign, has been pleased to shew for him in the letter which she addressed to him in the month of January last, is encouraged by the hope that her Majesty's Government, which takes a lively interest in the order and peace of Europe, will be pleased, under the present circumstances, to co-operate in the best manner in order to put a stop to a state of things so detrimental to the general peace and to the happiness of nations, and to support with their powerful influence the co-operation claimed for the re-establishment of the legitimate power of the Holy Father, whose independence is more than ever necessary for the exercise of his authority in the Catholic world.

I request that you will have the goodness to transmit

my communication, as soon as possible, to your Government, and that you will accept, &c.

(Signed) R. ARCHBISHOP OF NICAË,
Apostolic Nuncio.

Viscount Palmerston to the Marquis of Normanby.

Foreign Office, March 27, 1849.

My Lord,—I have received your Excellency's despatch of the 8th instant, transmitting to me the copy of a note which your Excellency had received from the Apostolic Nuncio, enclosing the copy of the note which has been addressed by Cardinal Antonelli to the representatives of all friendly Powers, requesting them to co-operate for the purpose of re-establishing the Papal authority at Rome.

I have to instruct your Excellency to say to the Nuncio, that her Majesty's Government have received, and have attentively considered, the communication which he has made to them through your Excellency, and that you are instructed to express to him the deep regret with which her Majesty's Government have witnessed the differences which have arisen between the Pope and his subjects, the assassination of Count Rossi, the departure of the Pope from his capital and states, and the proclamation of a Republic at Rome.

The British Government is for many obvious reasons not desirous of taking an active part in any negotiations which may result from the application which the Pope has addressed to some of the Catholic Powers of Europe, whose territories are nearer than Great Britain in geographical proximity to the Italian peninsula. But the British Government will be much gratified if the result of those negotiations should be, such a reconciliation between the Pope and his subjects as might enable the former, with the free good-will and consent of the latter, to return to his capital, and there to resume his spiritual functions and his temporal authority. But it is the opinion of her Majesty's Government that such a reconciliation could scarcely be effected, or, if effected for the moment, could never be permanent, unless the basis upon which it was founded were to be, that the Pope should engage to maintain the constitution and representative system of government which he granted last year to his subjects, and unless the separation between the spiritual authority and the temporal powers and institutions of the State were so clearly and so distinctly established, as to put an end to those manifold grievances which the mixture of the spiritual with the temporal power has for so long a period of time produced in the Roman States.

The great importance of admitting laymen to administrative and judicial functions in the Roman States was pointed out to the late Pope by the memorandum presented in 1832 to the Roman Government by the representatives of Austria, France, Great Britain, Prussia, and Russia; and the events which have happened since that time, not only in the Roman States, but in the rest of Europe, have tended to make it still more important that such a reform should be carried out into full and complete execution.

Your Excellency will give the Nuncio a copy of this despatch.—I am, &c.

(Signed) PALMERSTON.

MOUNT ST. BERNARD, CHARNWOOD, LEICESTERSHIRE.

No small excitement has been raised in the neighbourhood of Ashby-de-la-Zouch and Loughborough in consequence of a publication which has recently issued from a printer's shop at Birmingham, entitled, *Narrative of Six Years' Captivity and Sufferings among the Monks of Mount St. Bernard, Charnwood Forest, Leicestershire*. The facts on which this narrative is founded were stated to have been furnished by one "William Thomas Jefferys," who professed to have been the sufferer in question. The compilation of the

work is ascribed to Mr. Nayler, Churchwarden of Wednesbury, near Birmingham, who had taken Jefferys under his protection, shewn him kind treatment, and having heard his story, had given it to the world. The Rev. Mr. Crewe, Catholic priest of Bilston, having procured the Abbot's denial of the truth of *any one statement* in the book, then published an address to that effect to the inhabitants of Wednesbury. But nothing was of any avail; and it was therefore deemed advisable that one of the Brothers of the Community should go to Wednesbury, see the impostor, and, if possible, undeceive Mr. Nayler. The Brother who went was the Guest-Master of the house, who, from various circumstances, had every reason to believe that this Jefferys was a person who had been relieved at the monastery about three months ago, and entertained there for two days, stating himself to be the son of a well-known gentleman of fortune, and anxious to be instructed in the Catholic faith. The mere appearance of the man, and his method of expressing himself, were sufficient at once to condemn him as an impostor, and as such he was considered during his two days' stay at the monastery. But his indigence was considered a title to relief, and, having been fed and lodged, the gentleman whose son he professed to be was addressed immediately by letter,—the reply to which stated how glad the reputed father would be to punish him as he deserved. Jefferys then went off to Loughborough, representing himself as a monk escaped from the durance of the monastery, and from thence to Leicester, having procured money on all sides from those who were deceived by him. His plans, however, did not thoroughly take effect until he went to Wednesbury and fell in with Mr. Nayler.

The Guest-Master being at Birmingham on his way to Wednesbury, called upon the printer, Mr. Ragg, who stated himself entirely convinced that an imposition had been practised upon him. The Guest-Master then went with Mr. Mayer, the Catholic bookseller of Birmingham, to the house of Mr. Nayler, and having seen the man Jefferys, at once identified him as the same impostor who had been at the monastery in the winter. Mr. Nayler being still incredulous, it was agreed that he should come on the following days to Mount St. Bernard with Jefferys, and Mr. Ragg the printer.

An investigation followed, in the presence of Mr. Ambrose Phillipps of Grace Dieu, Mr. Cole, a Protestant clergyman, and many others, at Mount St. Bernard. Jefferys was there,—forced to prove his own guilt, being unable to identify a single person in the monastery, or to shew the rooms in which he said he had been confined. He ultimately confessed the imposture, and being afterwards prosecuted at Stafford as a rogue and a vagabond, by Messrs. Ragg and Nayler, was committed to gaol and hard labour for three months.

THE CHOLERA AT PARIS.—THE SISTERS OF CHARITY.—A Sister of Charity writes from Paris, on the 15th inst., to one of her sisters at Limoges, a touching letter, from which the following extract is given by the *Ami de la Religion*:—"Since the month of March up to the present, *forty-one* of our sisters have fallen victims in our different houses. We have just attended the burial of the *forty-second*. But there are many consolations: our poor sick shew so much submission; they

receive with so much love the words of religion and the sacraments of the Church! Far from repelling the ministry of the priests, they on the contrary eagerly demand it, in spite of all that has been said and done to render the priests odious to them."

We quote from the same source the following interesting passage from a letter dated Boulogne:—"Last week our churches were thronged with people, daily invoking the compassion of God, and seeking to appease his anger, who were punished but to recall us to ourselves. To-day, the population of the Portel, decimated by cholera, came, at the expiration of a Novena which had been exactly fulfilled by all, to thank in concert the Holy Virgin for the disappearance of the scourge. It was a moving spectacle to behold those rugged brows, which the storms have never made to turn pale, bent

reverently before Him who calms the ocean and holds the treasures of life in his hands."

MARSEILLES.—Ever since 1720, Marseilles has celebrated by a votive procession the cessation of the terrible plague which so cruelly devastated that city. Up to this day, the vow of de Belzunce has been religiously fulfilled on Friday, the day of the Sacred Heart, chosen for the pious anniversary. From age to age, generations have transmitted the details and the ceremonial of the fête, for which the faithful display all the pomp of the Church, and for which the preparations employ a crowd of little industrial occupations. This year, the surprise and regret of the city has been great, on learning that the municipal authorities have prohibited the procession of the Sacred Heart from taking place.

Historic Chronicle.

PARLIAMENT has been busily occupied during the whole of last month, but without much result; motions having been made, debated, and dismissed, more of the session wasted, and, as it nears the end, a large number of bills being thrown overboard. Disraeli has made a brilliant Protectionist speech, but without any other result than taking up the attention of the House for two nights; while the Opposition in the Lords have vigorously but unsuccessfully attacked their opponents. They have, however, succeeded in considerably altering the Irish Poor-law Bill.

As was expected, the House of Lords have rejected the Jew Bill. The influence which the Bishops enjoy there on all religious matters, although in secular questions their opinion is sometimes treated with but little reverence or courtesy, has always sufficed to raise up a strong opposition to any thing encroaching on Anglican supremacy; while there is a large number of peers who, though they would not incur the responsibility of causing a change of ministry in the present position of parties, yet view the existing Government with feelings of dislike and distrust. The Jew Bill having been lost on the second reading by a majority of 95 to 70, excited therefore but little surprise among its promoters; Rothschild accepting the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds but to be immediately re-elected for the city of London by a majority of two to one over his opponent, Lord John Manners.

Colonial affairs have been again brought before the House of Commons. Sir W. Molesworth shewed that even in those colonies which possess free legislative institutions the influence of the Colonial Office, through its nominees in the Council, is paramount; and that, from the multifarious objects to which the Colonial Secretary has to attend, and his filling that office but for a comparatively short space of time, nothing like a definite plan of government could be carried out. He proposed a Royal Commission to investigate the principles upon which colonial administration ought to be based, so as to establish a fixed standard for the guidance of the Colonial Office. The Government, while assenting to some of the facts, opposed the remedy; Lord John Russell saying that the absence of fixity of principle in the management of both colonial and foreign affairs was one of the prices we must pay for the power exercised by public opinion. The motion was negatived by 163 to 89.

A motion of Mr. Drummond for a general revision of taxation, though opposed by Ministers,

was carried by a small majority; but this can scarcely be called a ministerial defeat, the House having been but a thin one.

But the most interesting debate of the month has been that on the Irish Protestant Church. Mr. Osborne, in moving for a committee of the whole House upon Irish temporalities, made a speech almost exclusively composed of extracts from the former speeches of men now in office. Sir George Grey, not being able to falsify his own statements, owned the justice of the plea, but defended the present order of things on the ground that there was great difficulty in the way of settling Church property in Ireland, and the Catholic hierarchy had refused to accept an endowment. Mr. Page Wood, a member and stout upholder of the Anglican Church, supported the motion, but gave a sketch of another plan: "He would say to the Established Church—'Since the emancipation of the Catholics, the pale is broken down. You never were the Church of the nation; you were only the Church of the pale. You and your ministers shall be provided for. You may have your Bishops, and you shall be in as favourable a position as the Church of Rome—you shall choose them yourselves; but the State will no longer recognise you as the State Church. You shall have a portion of the endowments you now possess; but a portion of them shall be applied to meet the general spiritual wants of the whole nation.'"

In the discussion on a grant of 12,000*l.* to the new Colleges in Ireland, Lord John Russell stated that the President had prepared certain regulations which he thought likely to satisfy Catholics.

A speech of Sir R. Peel at a city banquet has had the effect of bringing his colonisation scheme prominently before the Corporation of London, who have held a Court of Common Council "to consider the propriety of purchasing estates and waste lands in Ireland, with a view to cultivate and improve the same, so as to benefit Ireland and give employment to its people, and at the same time secure to the Corporation a return of the capital to be invested, with interest, and to adopt such measures thereon as the Court may deem expedient." A letter was read from the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to the Lord Mayor, expressing "the feelings of satisfaction, he could almost say of delight, with which he heard of the project. He would not recommend the investment of English capital in the manner contemplated, did he not conscientiously believe it would be remunerative. He thought such an invest-

ment could not fail to be profitable. The most minute and accurate information on every matter connected with land, population, and local expenditure, exists in Dublin, and should be placed at the disposal of the Corporation Committee. The assistance of every official person in Dublin should be freely given, and no effort of his own should be wanting in the furtherance of a project which he hoped was about to be realised by the Corporation of London." On the motion of Mr. D. W. Wire, it was resolved to appoint a Ward Committee to inquire into and report on the whole subject. Such a committee was accordingly appointed; consisting of the Lord Mayor, fourteen Aldermen, and twenty-nine Common Councillors.

During the last month Cholera has been greatly on the increase in Great Britain, 439 having died of that disease in London alone, in the week ending July 14th.

The announcement that the Queen intends visiting Ireland immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, coupled with the prospects of an abundant harvest, has dissipated much of the despondency which had so long characterised all classes in Ireland. A melancholy event, however, has happened near Castlewella, shewing that party feeling still runs as high as ever. A body of Orangemen going in procession to Tollimore Park, the seat of Lord Roden, determined to pass through Dolly's Brae, a pass *tabooed* to Protestant processions by immemorial Catholic tradition. This the Ribandmen determined to oppose. Possession was taken by a military force, so that when the Ribandmen came, to the number of 1500, mostly armed, they found it occupied. After much negotiation between the officer in command and the people, and the interference of two Catholic priests, the Ribandmen promised not to fire on the Orangemen, from whom also similar promises were obtained. The Orangemen traversed the pass unmolested, the soldiers crowning the heights, while the Ribandmen lay in ambush behind the houses and trees. The latter spent the day in firing at marks, in drilling and manœuvring, but towards evening retired to a hill a mile from the pass. They again promised their clergy that they would not be the aggressors; but the military followed, and took up a commanding position. On the return of the Orange party they retraversed the pass in safety; but on reaching the hill, from one side or the other a squib was fired, which was followed by a discharge of musketry by the Ribandmen, and the fight became general; the police dislodged the Ribandmen, but the military did not interfere. After the dispersion of the peasantry, the Orangemen discharged hundreds of shots in all directions, and fired several houses, in which some people perished. A number of men were killed and wounded, and many prisoners taken by the police. Great blame has been attached, both in and out of Parliament, to the local authorities, for not prohibiting the procession; and Government has promised a searching investigation into the conduct of the Orange chiefs, among whom are many men of rank and influence.

All the news from France confirms the victory of the Government, and betokens a great change in public opinion. The Moderates have been

returned in all the supplementary elections at Paris, while the authorities seem adopting vigorous repressive measures to secure their victory.

The Prussians have gained a victory over the insurgent Badish and Bavarians; but the rebellion is not yet suppressed, a large number of the revolvers remaining in possession of the fortress of Rastadt, which seems able to stand a regular siege.

An armistice has been concluded between Denmark and Germany; previous to which the Danes made a sortie from the fortress of Frederica, where they had been long almost inactive, and, assisted by a large number of troops, whom they had concentrated by the aid of their ships, drove the besiegers from their positions, and captured nearly all their artillery and two thousand men.

A general amnesty has been granted in Spain to all political offenders, in consequence of which many of the Carlist refugees at present staying in England will return to their native country.

The accounts from Hungary are most contradictory. The Hungarians seem to be slowly retiring; but whether through defeat or strategy it is impossible to say.

The American news chiefly consists of accounts from California, which fully confirm the almost incredible reports of the scarcity, disease, and riches which exist there. The General in command says, writing to the home government, "I pay 5000 dollars a-year for where I live, and it would make but a poor toll-house for a country bridge. I pay my servant 100 dollars a-month, and am afraid I shall not be able to keep him from going to the diggings. All the rest have left me. Hundreds die around me unheeded." The ex-president Polk has died, and the cholera is greatly on the increase; but the most painful part of the news from America is that caused by the very steamer which brings it. On the 27th of June, the weather being very foggy, the steamship Europa ran down the American bark Charles Bartlett, which had sailed from London a few days previously; out of 163 passengers, and a crew of 14, only 43 were saved.

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